

# **PUBLIC DOMAIN NON-FICTION, JULY 2016**

*ANTHOLOGY BY MATT PIERARD.*

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## THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ALPHABET

Before we turn specifically to the new world of the west, it remains to take note of what may perhaps be regarded as the very greatest achievement of ancient science. This was the analysis of speech sounds, and the resulting development of a system of alphabetical writing. To comprehend the series of scientific inductions which led to this result, we must go back in imagination and trace briefly the development of the methods of recording thought by means of graphic symbols. In other words, we must trace the evolution of the art of writing. In doing so we cannot hold to national lines as we have done in the preceding two chapters, though the efforts of the two great scientific nations just considered will enter prominently into the story.

The familiar Greek legend assures us that a Phoenician named Kadmus was the first to bring a knowledge of letters into Europe. An elaboration of the story, current throughout classical times, offered the further explanation that the Phoenicians had in turn acquired the art of writing from the Egyptians or Babylonians. Knowledge as to the true origin and development of the art of writing did not extend in antiquity beyond such vagaries as these. Nineteenth-century studies gave the first real clues to an understanding of the subject. These studies tended to authenticate the essential fact on which the legend of Kadmus was founded; to the extent, at least, of making it probable that the later Grecian alphabet was introduced from Phoenicia--though not, of course, by any individual named Kadmus, the latter being, indeed, a name of purely Greek origin. Further studies of the past generation tended to corroborate the ancient belief as to the original source of the Phoenician alphabet, but divided scholars between two opinions: the one contending that the Egyptian hieroglyphics were the source upon which the Phoenicians drew; and the other contending with equal fervor that the Babylonian wedge character must be conceded that honor.

But, as has often happened in other fields after years of acrimonious controversy, a new discovery or two may suffice to show that neither contestant was right. After the Egyptologists of the school of De Rouge<sup>(1)</sup> thought they had demonstrated that the familiar symbols of the Phoenician alphabet had been copied from that modified form of Egyptian hieroglyphics known as the hieratic writing, the Assyriologists came forward to prove that certain characters of the Babylonian syllabary also show a likeness to the alphabetical characters that seemingly could not be due to chance. And then, when a settlement of the dispute seemed almost hopeless, it was shown through the Egyptian excavations that characters even more closely resembling those in dispute had been in use all about the shores of the Mediterranean, quite independently of either Egyptian or Assyrian writings, from periods so ancient as to be virtually prehistoric.

Coupled with this disconcerting discovery are the revelations brought to light by the excavations at the sites of Knossos and other long-buried cities of the island of Crete.(2) These excavations, which are still in progress, show that the art of writing was known and practised independently in Crete before that cataclysmic overthrow of the early Greek civilization which archaeologists are accustomed to ascribe to the hypothetical invasion of the Dorians. The significance of this is that the art of writing was known in Europe long before the advent of the mythical Kadmus. But since the early Cretan scripts are not to be identified with the scripts used in Greece in historical times, whereas the latter are undoubtedly of lineal descent from the Phoenician alphabet, the validity of the Kadmus legend, in a modified form, must still be admitted.

As has just been suggested, the new knowledge, particularly that which related to the great antiquity of characters similar to the Phoenician alphabetical signs, is somewhat disconcerting. Its general trend, however, is quite in the same direction with most of the new archaeological knowledge of recent decades---that is to say, it tends to emphasize the idea that human civilization in most of its important elaborations is vastly older than has hitherto been supposed. It may be added, however, that no definite clues are as yet available that enable us to fix even an approximate date for the origin of the Phoenician alphabet. The signs, to which reference has been made, may well have been in existence for thousands of years, utilized merely as property marks, symbols for counting and the like, before the idea of setting them aside as phonetic symbols was ever conceived. Nothing is more certain, in the judgment of the present-day investigator, than that man learned to write by slow and painful stages. It is probable that the conception of such an analysis of speech sounds as would make the idea of an alphabet possible came at a very late stage of social evolution, and as the culminating achievement of a long series of improvements in the art of writing. The precise steps that marked this path of intellectual development can for the most part be known only by inference; yet it is probable that the main chapters of the story may be reproduced with essential accuracy.

## FIRST STEPS

For the very first chapters of the story we must go back in imagination to the prehistoric period. Even barbaric man feels the need of self-expression, and strives to make his ideas manifest to other men by pictorial signs. The cave-dwellers scratched pictures of men and animals on the surface of a reindeer horn or mammoth tusk as mementos of his prowess. The American Indian does essentially the same thing to-day, making pictures that crudely record his successes in war and the chase. The Northern Indian had got no farther than this when the white man discovered America; but the Aztecs of the Southwest and the Maya people

of Yucatan had carried their picture-making to a much higher state of elaboration.(3) They had developed systems of pictographs or hieroglyphics that would doubtless in the course of generations have been elaborated into alphabetical systems, had not the Europeans cut off the civilization of which they were the highest exponents.

What the Aztec and Maya were striving towards in the sixteenth century A.D., various Oriental nations had attained at least five or six thousand years earlier. In Egypt at the time of the pyramid-builders, and in Babylonia at the same epoch, the people had developed systems of writing that enabled them not merely to present a limited range of ideas pictorially, but to express in full elaboration and with finer shades of meaning all the ideas that pertain to highly cultured existence. The man of that time made records of military achievements, recorded the transactions of every-day business life, and gave expression to his moral and spiritual aspirations in a way strangely comparable to the manner of our own time. He had perfected highly elaborate systems of writing.

## EGYPTIAN WRITING

Of the two ancient systems of writing just referred to as being in vogue at the so-called dawns of history, the more picturesque and suggestive was the hieroglyphic system of the Egyptians. This is a curiously conglomerate system of writing, made up in part of symbols reminiscent of the crudest stages of picture-writing, in part of symbols having the phonetic value of syllables, and in part of true alphabetical letters. In a word, the Egyptian writing represents in itself the elements of the various stages through which the art of writing has developed.(4) We must conceive that new features were from time to time added to it, while the old features, curiously enough, were not given up.

Here, for example, in the midst of unintelligible lines and pot-hooks, are various pictures that are instantly recognizable as representations of hawks, lions, ibises, and the like. It can hardly be questioned that when these pictures were first used calligraphically they were meant to represent the idea of a bird or animal. In other words, the first stage of picture-writing did not go beyond the mere representation of an eagle by the picture of an eagle. But this, obviously, would confine the presentation of ideas within very narrow limits. In due course some inventive genius conceived the thought of symbolizing a picture. To him the outline of an eagle might represent not merely an actual bird, but the thought of strength, of courage, or of swift progress. Such a use of symbols obviously extends the range of utility of a nascent art of writing. Then in due course some wonderful psychologist--or perhaps the joint efforts of many generations of psychologists--made the astounding discovery that the human voice, which seems to flow on in an unbroken

stream of endlessly varied modulations and intonations, may really be analyzed into a comparatively limited number of component sounds--into a few hundreds of syllables. That wonderful idea conceived, it was only a matter of time until it would occur to some other enterprising genius that by selecting an arbitrary symbol to represent each one of these elementary sounds it would be possible to make a written record of the words of human speech which could be reproduced--rephonated--by some one who had never heard the words and did not know in advance what this written record contained. This, of course, is what every child learns to do now in the primer class, but we may feel assured that such an idea never occurred to any human being until the peculiar forms of pictographic writing just referred to had been practised for many centuries. Yet, as we have said, some genius of prehistoric Egypt conceived the idea and put it into practical execution, and the hieroglyphic writing of which the Egyptians were in full possession at the very beginning of what we term the historical period made use of this phonetic system along with the ideographic system already described.

So fond were the Egyptians of their pictorial symbols used ideographically that they clung to them persistently throughout the entire period of Egyptian history. They used symbols as phonetic equivalents very frequently, but they never learned to depend upon them exclusively. The scribe always interspersed his phonetic signs with some other signs intended as graphic aids. After spelling a word out in full, he added a picture, sometimes even two or three pictures, representative of the individual thing, or at least of the type of thing to which the word belongs. Two or three illustrations will make this clear.

Thus qeften, monkey, is spelled out in full, but the picture of a monkey is added as a determinative; second, qenu, cavalry, after being spelled, is made unequivocal by the introduction of a picture of a horse; third, temati, wings, though spelled elaborately, has pictures of wings added; and fourth, tatu, quadrupeds, after being spelled, has a picture of a quadruped, and then the picture of a hide, which is the usual determinative of a quadruped, followed by three dashes to indicate the plural number.

It must not be supposed, however, that it was a mere whim which led the Egyptians to the use of this system of determinatives. There was sound reason back of it. It amounted to no more than the expedient we adopt when we spell "to," "two," or "too," in indication of a single sound with three different meanings. The Egyptian language abounds in words having more than one meaning, and in writing these it is obvious that some means of distinction is desirable. The same thing occurs even more frequently in the Chinese language, which is monosyllabic. The Chinese adopt a more clumsy expedient, supplying a different symbol for each of the meanings of a syllable; so that while the actual word-sounds of their speech are only a few hundreds in number, the characters of their

written language mount high into the thousands.

## BABYLONIAN WRITING

While the civilization of the Nile Valley was developing this extraordinary system of hieroglyphics, the inhabitants of Babylonia were practising the art of writing along somewhat different lines. It is certain that they began with picture-making, and that in due course they advanced to the development of the syllabary; but, unlike their Egyptian cousins, the men of Babylonia saw fit to discard the old system when they had perfected a better one.<sup>(5)</sup> So at a very early day their writing--as revealed to us now through the recent excavations--had ceased to have that pictorial aspect which distinguishes the Egyptian script. What had originally been pictures of objects--fish, houses, and the like--had come to be represented by mere aggregations of wedge-shaped marks. As the writing of the Babylonians was chiefly inscribed on soft clay, the adaptation of this wedge-shaped mark in lieu of an ordinary line was probably a mere matter of convenience, since the sharp-cornered implement used in making the inscription naturally made a wedge-shaped impression in the clay. That, however, is a detail. The essential thing is that the Babylonian had so fully analyzed the speech-sounds that he felt entire confidence in them, and having selected a sufficient number of conventional characters--each made up of wedge-shaped lines--to represent all the phonetic sounds of his language, spelled the words out in syllables and to some extent dispensed with the determinative signs which, as we have seen, played so prominent a part in the Egyptian writing. His cousins the Assyrians used habitually a system of writing the foundation of which was an elaborate phonetic syllabary; a system, therefore, far removed from the old crude pictograph, and in some respects much more developed than the complicated Egyptian method; yet, after all, a system that stopped short of perfection by the wide gap that separates the syllabary from the true alphabet.

A brief analysis of speech sounds will aid us in understanding the real nature of the syllabary. Let us take for consideration the consonantal sound represented by the letter b. A moment's consideration will make it clear that this sound enters into a large number of syllables. There are, for example, at least twenty vowel sounds in the English language, not to speak of certain digraphs; that is to say, each of the important vowels has from two to six sounds. Each of these vowel sounds may enter into combination with the b sound alone to form three syllables; as ba, ab, bal, be, eb, bel, etc. Thus there are at least sixty b-sound syllables. But this is not the end, for other consonantal sounds may be associated in the syllables in such combinations as bad, bed, bar, bark, cab, etc. As each of the other twenty odd consonantal sounds may enter into similar combinations, it is obvious that there are several hundreds of fundamental syllables to be taken into account in any syllabic system

of writing. For each of these syllables a symbol must be set aside and held in reserve as the representative of that particular sound. A perfect syllabary, then, would require some hundred or more of symbols to represent b sounds alone; and since the sounds for c, d, f, and the rest are equally varied, the entire syllabary would run into thousands of characters, almost rivalling in complexity the Chinese system. But in practice the most perfect syllabary, Such as that of the Babylonians, fell short of this degree of precision through ignoring the minor shades of sound; just as our own alphabet is content to represent some thirty vowel sounds by five letters, ignoring the fact that a, for example, has really half a dozen distinct phonetic values. By such slurring of sounds the syllabary is reduced far below its ideal limits; yet even so it retains three or four hundred characters.

In point of fact, such a work as Professor Delitzsch's Assyrian Grammar(6) presents signs for three hundred and thirty-four syllables, together with sundry alternative signs and determinatives to tax the memory of the would-be reader of Assyrian. Let us take for example a few of the b sounds. It has been explained that the basis of the Assyrian written character is a simple wedge-shaped or arrow-head mark. Various repeated and grouped, these marks make up the syllabic characters.

To learn some four hundred such signs as these was the task set, as an equivalent of learning the a b c's, to any primer class in old Assyria in the long generations when that land was the culture Centre of the world. Nor was the task confined to the natives of Babylonia and Assyria alone. About the fifteenth century B.C., and probably for a long time before and after that period, the exceedingly complex syllabary of the Babylonians was the official means of communication throughout western Asia and between Asia and Egypt, as we know from the chance discovery of a collection of letters belonging to the Egyptian king Khun-aten, preserved at Tel-el-Amarna. In the time of Ramses the Great the Babylonian writing was in all probability considered by a majority of the most highly civilized people in the world to be the most perfect script practicable. Doubtless the average scribe of the time did not in the least realize the waste of energy involved in his labors, or ever suspect that there could be any better way of writing.

Yet the analysis of any one of these hundreds of syllables into its component phonetic elements--had any one been genius enough to make such analysis--would have given the key to simpler and better things. But such an analysis was very hard to make, as the sequel shows. Nor is the utility of such an analysis self-evident, as the experience of the Egyptians proved. The vowel sound is so intimately linked with the consonant--the con-sonant, implying this intimate relation in its very name--that it seemed extremely difficult to give it individual recognition. To set off the mere labial beginning of the sound by itself, and to recognize it as an all-essential element of phonation, was the feat at which human intelligence so long balked. The germ of

great things lay in that analysis. It was a process of simplification, and all art development is from the complex to the simple. Unfortunately, however, it did not seem a simplification, but rather quite the reverse. We may well suppose that the idea of wresting from the syllabary its secret of consonants and vowels, and giving to each consonantal sound a distinct sign, seemed a most cumbersome and embarrassing complication to the ancient scholars--that is to say, after the time arrived when any one gave such an idea expression. We can imagine them saying: "You will oblige us to use four signs instead of one to write such an elementary syllable as 'bard,' for example. Out upon such endless perplexity!" Nor is such a suggestion purely gratuitous, for it is an historical fact that the old syllabary continued to be used in Babylon hundreds of years after the alphabetical system had been introduced.(7) Custom is everything in establishing our prejudices. The Japanese to-day rebel against the introduction of an alphabet, thinking it ambiguous.

Yet, in the end, conservatism always yields, and so it was with opposition to the alphabet. Once the idea of the consonant had been firmly grasped, the old syllabary was doomed, though generations of time might be required to complete the obsequies--generations of time and the influence of a new nation. We have now to inquire how and by whom this advance was made.

## THE ALPHABET ACHIEVED

We cannot believe that any nation could have vaulted to the final stage of the simple alphabetical writing without tracing the devious and difficult way of the pictograph and the syllabary. It is possible, however, for a cultivated nation to build upon the shoulders of its neighbors, and, profiting by the experience of others, to make sudden leaps upward and onward. And this is seemingly what happened in the final development of the art of writing. For while the Babylonians and Assyrians rested content with their elaborate syllabary, a nation on either side of them, geographically speaking, solved the problem, which they perhaps did not even recognize as a problem; wrested from their syllabary its secret of consonants and vowels, and by adopting an arbitrary sign for each consonantal sound, produced that most wonderful of human inventions, the alphabet.

The two nations credited with this wonderful achievement are the Phoenicians and the Persians. But it is not usually conceded that the two are entitled to anything like equal credit. The Persians, probably in the time of Cyrus the Great, used certain characters of the Babylonian script for the construction of an alphabet; but at this time the Phoenician alphabet had undoubtedly been in use for some centuries, and it is more than probable that the Persian borrowed his idea of an alphabet from a Phoenician source. And that, of course, makes all the



difference. Granted the idea of an alphabet, it requires no great reach of constructive genius to supply a set of alphabetical characters; though even here, it may be added parenthetically, a study of the development of alphabets will show that mankind has all along had a characteristic propensity to copy rather than to invent.

Regarding the Persian alphabet-maker, then, as a copyist rather than a true inventor, it remains to turn attention to the Phoenician source whence, as is commonly believed, the original alphabet which became "the mother of all existing alphabets" came into being. It must be admitted at the outset that evidence for the Phoenician origin of this alphabet is traditional rather than demonstrative. The Phoenicians were the great traders of antiquity; undoubtedly they were largely responsible for the transmission of the alphabet from one part of the world to another, once it had been invented. Too much credit cannot be given them for this; and as the world always honors him who makes an idea fertile rather than the originator of the idea, there can be little injustice in continuing to speak of the Phoenicians as the inventors of the alphabet. But the actual facts of the case will probably never be known. For aught we know, it may have been some dreamy-eyed Israelite, some Babylonian philosopher, some Egyptian mystic, perhaps even some obscure Cretan, who gave to the hard-headed Phoenician trader this conception of a dismembered syllable with its all-essential, elemental, wonder-working consonant. But it is futile now to attempt even to surmise on such unfathomable details as these. Suffice it that the analysis was made; that one sign and no more was adopted for each consonantal sound of the Semitic tongue, and that the entire cumbersome mechanism of the Egyptian and Babylonian writing systems was rendered obsolescent. These systems did not yield at once, to be sure; all human experience would have been set at naught had they done so. They held their own, and much more than held their own, for many centuries. After the Phoenicians as a nation had ceased to have importance; after their original script had been endlessly modified by many alien nations; after the original alphabet had made the conquest of all civilized Europe and of far outlying portions of the Orient--the Egyptian and Babylonian scribes continued to indite their missives in the same old pictographs and syllables.

The inventive thinker must have been struck with amazement when, after making the fullest analysis of speech-sounds of which he was capable, he found himself supplied with only a score or so of symbols. Yet as regards the consonantal sounds he had exhausted the resources of the Semitic tongue. As to vowels, he scarcely considered them at all. It seemed to him sufficient to use one symbol for each consonantal sound. This reduced the hitherto complex mechanism of writing to so simple a system that the inventor must have regarded it with sheer delight. On the other hand, the conservative scholar doubtless thought it distinctly ambiguous. In truth, it must be admitted that the system was imperfect. It was a vast improvement on the old syllabary, but it had its drawbacks. Perhaps it had been made a bit too simple; certainly

it should have had symbols for the vowel sounds as well as for the consonants. Nevertheless, the vowel-lacking alphabet seems to have taken the popular fancy, and to this day Semitic people have never supplied its deficiencies save with certain dots and points.

Peoples using the Aryan speech soon saw the defect, and the Greeks supplied symbols for several new sounds at a very early day.(8) But there the matter rested, and the alphabet has remained imperfect. For the purposes of the English language there should certainly have been added a dozen or more new characters. It is clear, for example, that, in the interest of explicitness, we should have a separate symbol for the vowel sound in each of the following syllables: bar, bay, bann, ball, to cite a single illustration.

There is, to be sure, a seemingly valid reason for not extending our alphabet, in the fact that in multiplying syllables it would be difficult to select characters at once easy to make and unambiguous. Moreover, the conservatives might point out, with telling effect, that the present alphabet has proved admirably effective for about three thousand years. Yet the fact that our dictionaries supply diacritical marks for some thirty vowel sounds to indicate the pronunciation of the words of our every-day speech, shows how we let memory and guessing do the work that might reasonably be demanded of a really complete alphabet. But, whatever its defects, the existing alphabet is a marvellous piece of mechanism, the result of thousands of years of intellectual effort. It is, perhaps without exception, the most stupendous invention of the human intellect within historical times--an achievement taking rank with such great prehistoric discoveries as the use of articulate speech, the making of a fire, and the invention of stone implements, of the wheel and axle, and of picture-writing. It made possible for the first time that education of the masses upon which all later progress of civilization was so largely to depend.

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## EVENTFUL REIGN OF SAPOR I, KING OF PERSIA

A.D. 240

GEORGE RAWLINSON

Under Mithradates I the Parthian empire rose to great power, and that monarch, about B.C. 163, began to make conquests toward the west. By B.C. 150 he had added to his possessions Media Magna, Susiana, Babylonia, Assyria proper, and Persia. The Persians appear to have yielded without resistance to his rule, and he governed them with a fair degree of moderation, allowing them, as was the Parthian policy toward subject peoples, a large measure of self-government under their hereditary native kings, the "King of Kings" exacting little from them besides regular tribute and the required number of men for his armies.

The Parthian empire was in turn overthrown by Artashir or Artaxerxes, who about B.C. 226 defeated and killed Ardavan, the last Parthian king, and became the chief founder of the Sassanian dynasty, which ruled Persia until the Mahometan invasion.

The victories of Artaxerxes had fatal results for the Roman power in the East, for the new head of the Persian monarchy was no sooner established on his throne than he sent an embassy to the Roman Emperor, Alexander Severus, to demand from him the surrender of all Asia and the withdrawal of Roman arms and authority to the western shores of the Ægean Sea and of the Propontis, as the Sea of Marmora was anciently called. From this began a series of wars which continued at intervals for four centuries, and which ended only with the Mahometan conquests that overwhelmed Roman and Persian power alike. The first campaigns of the Romans against Artaxerxes were indecisive, but the renewal of the war in the reign of his son, Sapor I, was followed by disasters to the Roman arms which Rawlinson describes in his most lucid and vigorous manner, together with the other feats of this remarkable man.

Artaxerxes appears to have died in A.D. 240. He was succeeded by his son Shahpuhri, or Sapor, the first Sassanian prince of that name. According to the Persian historians, the mother of Sapor was a daughter of the last Parthian king, Artabanus, whom Artaxerxes had taken to wife after his conquest of her father. But the facts known of Sapor throw doubt on this story, which has too many parallels in oriental romance to claim implicit credence. Nothing authentic has come down to us respecting Sapor during his father's lifetime, but from the moment that he mounted the throne we find him engaged in a series of wars, which show him to have been of a most active and energetic character.

Armenia, which Artaxerxes had subjected, attempted, it would seem, to regain its independence at the commencement of the reign; but Sapor easily crushed the nascent insurrection, and the Armenians made no further effort to free themselves till several years after his death. Contemporaneously with this revolt in the mountain region of the North a danger showed itself in the plains country of the South, where Manizen, king of Hatra, or El Hadhr, not only declared himself independent, but assumed dominion over the entire tract between the Euphrates and the Tigris, the Jezireh of the Arabian geographers.

The strength of Hatra was great, as had been proved by Trajan and Severus; its thick walls and valiant inhabitants would probably have defied every attempt of the Persian prince to make himself master of it by force. He, therefore, resorted to stratagem. Manizen had a daughter who cherished ambitious views. On obtaining a promise from Sapor that if she gave Hatra into his power he would make her his queen, this unnatural child turned against her father, betrayed him into Sapor's hands, and thus brought the war to an end. Sapor recovered his lost territory; but he did not fulfil his bargain. Instead of marrying the traitress, he handed her over to an executioner, to receive the death that she had deserved, though scarcely at his hands.

Encouraged by his success in these two lesser contests, Sapor resolved (apparently in A.D. 241) to resume the bold projects of his father, and engage in a great war with Rome. The confusion and troubles which afflicted the Roman Empire at this time were such as might well give him hopes of obtaining a decided advantage. Alexander, his father's adversary, had been murdered in A.D. 235 by Maximin, who from the condition of a Thracian peasant had risen into the higher ranks of the army. The upstart had ruled like the savage that he was, and after three years of misery the whole Roman world had risen against him. Two emperors had been proclaimed in Africa. On their fall two others had been elected by the senate; a third, a mere boy, had been added at the demand of the Roman populace. All the pretenders except the last had met with violent deaths; and after the shocks of a year, unparalleled since A.D. 69, the administration of the greatest kingdom in the world was in the hands of a youth of fifteen. Sapor, no doubt, thought he saw in this condition of things an opportunity that he ought not to miss, and rapidly matured his plans lest the favorable moment should pass away.

Crossing the middle Tigris into Mesopotamia, the bands of Sapor first attacked the important city of Nisibis. Nisibis, at the time a Roman colony, was strongly situated on the outskirts of the mountain range which traverses Northern Mesopotamia between the thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth parallels. The place was well fortified and well defended; it offered a prolonged resistance; but the walls were breached and it was forced to yield itself. The advance was then made along the southern flank of the mountains by Carrhæ (Harran) and Edessa to the Euphrates,

which was probably reached in the neighborhood of Birehjik. The hordes then poured into Syria, and, spreading themselves over that fertile region, surprised and took the metropolis of the Roman East, the rich and luxurious city of Antioch. But meantime the Romans had shown a spirit which had not been expected from them.

Gordian, young as he was, had quitted Rome and marched through Moesia and Thrace into Asia, accompanied by a formidable army and by at least one good general. Timesitheus, whose daughter Gordian had recently married, though his life had hitherto been that of a civilian, exhibited on his elevation to the dignity of prætorian prefect considerable military ability. The army, nominally commanded by Gordian, really acted under his orders. With it Timesitheus attacked and beat the bands of Sapor in a number of engagements, recovered Antioch, crossed the Euphrates, retook Carrhæ, defeated the Persian monarch in a pitched battle near Resaina (Ras-el-Ain), recovered Nisibis, and once more planted the Roman standards on the banks of the Tigris. Sapor hastily evacuated most of his conquests, and retired first across the Euphrates, and then across the more eastern river, while the Romans advanced as he retreated, placed garrisons in the various Mesopotamian towns, and even threatened the great city of Ctesiphon.

Gordian was confident that his general would gain further triumphs, and wrote to the senate to that effect; but either disease or the arts of a rival cut short the career of the victor, and from the time of his death the Romans ceased to be successful. The legions had, it would seem, invaded Southern Mesopotamia when the prætorian prefect who had succeeded Timesitheus brought them intentionally into difficulties by his mismanagement of the commissariat, and at last retreat was determined on.

The young Emperor had almost reached his own frontier, when the discontent of the army, fomented by the prefect, Philip, came to a head. Gordian was murdered at a place called Zaitha, about twenty miles south of Circesium, and was buried where he fell, the soldiers raising a tumulus in his honor. His successor, Philip, was glad to make peace on any tolerable terms with the Persians; he felt himself insecure upon his throne, and was anxious to obtain the senate's sanction of his usurpation. He therefore quitted the East in A.D. 244, having concluded a treaty with Sapor by which Armenia seems to have been left to the Persians, while Mesopotamia returned to its old condition of a Roman province.

The peace made between Philip and Sapor was followed by an interval of fourteen years, during which scarcely anything is known of the condition of Persia. We may suspect that troubles in the northeast of his empire occupied Sapor during this period, for at the end of it we find Bactria, which was certainly subject to Persia during the earlier years of the monarchy, occupying an independent position, and even assuming an

attitude of hostility toward the Persian monarch. Bactria had, from a remote antiquity, claims to preëminence among the Aryan nations. She was more than once inclined to revolt from the Achæmenidæ, and during the later Parthian period she had enjoyed a sort of semi-independence. It would seem that she now succeeded in detaching herself altogether from her southern neighbor and becoming a distinct and separate power. To strengthen her position she entered into relations with Rome, which gladly welcomed any adhesions to her cause in this remote region.

Sapor's second war with Rome was, like his first, provoked by himself. After concluding his peace with Philip he had seen the Roman world governed successively by six weak emperors, of whom four had died violent deaths, while at the same time there had been a continued series of attacks upon the northern frontiers of the empire by Alamanni, Goths, and Franks, who had ravaged at will a number of the finest provinces, and threatened the absolute destruction of the great monarchy of the West. It was natural that the chief kingdom of Western Asia should note these events, and should seek to promote its own interests by taking advantage of the circumstances of the time. Sapor, in A.D. 258, determined on a fresh invasion of the Roman provinces, and once more entering Mesopotamia carried all before him, became master of Nisibis, Carrhæ, and Edessa, and, crossing the Euphrates, surprised Antioch, which was wrapped in the enjoyment of theatrical and other representations, and only knew its fate on the exclamation of a couple of actors that "the Persians were in possession of the town!" The aged Emperor, Valerian, hastened to the protection of his more eastern territories, and at first gained some successes, retaking Antioch, and making that city his head-quarters during his stay in the East.

But after this the tide turned. Valerian intrusted the whole conduct of the war to Macrianus, his prætorian prefect, whose talents he admired, and of whose fidelity he did not entertain a suspicion. Macrianus, however, aspired to the empire, and intentionally brought Valerian into difficulties in the hope of disgracing or removing him. His tactics were successful. The Roman army in Mesopotamia was betrayed into a situation whence escape was impossible and where its capitulation was only a question of time. A bold attempt made to force a way through the enemy's lines failed utterly, after which famine and pestilence began to do their work. In vain did the aged Emperor send envoys to propose a peace and offer to purchase escape by the payment of an immense sum in gold. Sapor, confident of victory, refused the overture, and, waiting patiently till his adversary was at the last gasp, invited him to a conference, and then treacherously seized his person. The army surrendered or dispersed. Macrianus, the prætorian prefect, shortly assumed the title of emperor and marched against Gallienus, the son and colleague of Valerian, who had been left to direct affairs in the West. But another rival started up in the East. Sapor conceived the idea of complicating the Roman affairs by himself putting forward a pretender; and an obscure citizen of Antioch, a certain Miriades, or Cyriades, a

refugee in his camp, was invested with the purple and assumed the title of Cæsar.

The blow struck at Edessa laid the whole of Roman Asia open to attack, and the Persian monarch was not slow to seize the occasion. His troops crossed the Euphrates in force, and, marching on Antioch, once more captured that unfortunate town, from which the more prudent citizens had withdrawn, but where the bulk of the people, not displeased at the turn of affairs, remained and welcomed the conqueror. Miriades was installed in power, while Sapor himself, at the head of his irresistible squadrons, pressed forward, bursting "like a mountain torrent" into Cilicia, and thence into Cappadocia. Tarsus, the birthplace of St. Paul, at once a famous seat of learning and a great emporium of commerce, fell; Cilicia Campestris was overrun, and the passes of Taurus, deserted or weakly defended by the Romans, came into Sapor's hand.

Penetrating through them and entering the campaign country beyond, his bands soon began the siege of Cæsarea Mazaca, the greatest city of these parts, estimated at this time to have contained a population of four hundred thousand souls. Demosthenes, the governor of Cæsarea, defended it bravely, and, had force only been used against him, might have prevailed; but Sapor found friends within the walls, and by their help made himself master of the place, while its bold defender was obliged to content himself with escaping by cutting his way through the victorious host. All Asia Minor now seemed open to the conqueror; and it is difficult to understand why he did not at any rate attempt a permanent occupation of the territory which he had so easily overrun. But it seems certain that he entertained no such idea.

Devastation and plunder, revenge and gain, not permanent conquest, were his objects; and hence his course was everywhere marked by ruin and carnage, by smoking towns, ravaged fields, and heaps of slain. His cruelties have no doubt been exaggerated; but when we hear that he filled the ravines and valleys of Cappadocia with dead bodies, and so led his cavalry across them; that he depopulated Antioch, killing or carrying off into slavery almost the whole population; that he suffered his prisoners in many cases to perish of hunger, and that he drove them to water once a day like beasts, we may be sure that the guise in which he showed himself to the Romans was that of a merciless scourge--an avenger bent on spreading the terror of his name, not of one who really sought to enlarge the limits of his empire. During the whole course of this plundering expedition, until the retreat began, we hear but of one check that the bands of Sapor received. It had been determined to attack Emesa, one of the most important of the Syrian towns, where the temple of Venus was known to contain a vast treasure. The invaders approached, scarcely expecting to be resisted; but the high-priest of the temple, having collected a large body of peasants, appeared in his sacerdotal robes at the head of a fanatic multitude armed with slings, and succeeded in beating off the assailants. Emesa, its temple, and its

treasure escaped the rapacity of the Persians; and an example of resistance was set, which was not perhaps without important consequences.

For it seems certain that the return of Sapor across the Euphrates was not effected without considerable loss and difficulty. On his advance into Syria he had received an embassy from a certain Odenathus, a Syrian, or Arab chief, who occupied a position of semi-independence at Palmyra, which through the advantages of its situation, had lately become a flourishing commercial town. Odenathus sent a long train of camels laden with gifts, consisting in part of rare and precious merchandise, to the Persian monarch, begging him to accept them, and claiming his favorable regard on the ground that he had hitherto refrained from all acts of hostility against the Persians. It appears that Sapor took offence at the tone of the communication, which was not sufficiently humble to please him. Tearing the letter to fragments and trampling it beneath his feet he exclaimed: "Who is this Odenathus, and of what country, that he ventures thus to address his lord? Let him now, if he would lighten his punishment, come here and fall prostrate before me with his hands tied behind his back. Should he refuse, let him be well assured that I will destroy himself, his race, and his land." At the same time he ordered his servants to cast the costly presents of the Palmyrene prince into the Euphrates.

This arrogant and offensive behavior naturally turned the willing friend into an enemy. Odenathus, finding himself forced into a hostile position, took arms and watched his opportunity. So long as Sapor continued to advance he kept aloof. As soon, however, as the retreat commenced, and the Persian army, encumbered with its spoil and captives, proceeded to make its way back slowly and painfully to the Euphrates, Odenathus, who had collected a large force--in part from the Syrian villages, in part from the wild tribes of Arabia--made his appearance in the field. His light and agile horsemen hovered about the Persian host, cut off their stragglers, made prize of much of their spoil, and even captured a portion of the seraglio of the great king.

The harassed troops were glad when they had placed the Euphrates between themselves and their pursuer, and congratulated each other on their escape. So much had they suffered and so little did they feel equal to further conflicts that on their march through Mesopotamia they consented to purchase the neutrality of the people of Edessa by making over to them all the coined money that they had carried off in their Syrian raid. After this it would seem that the retreat was unmolested, and Sapor succeeded in conveying the greater part of his army, together with his illustrious prisoner, to his own country.

With regard to the treatment that Valerian received at the hands of his conqueror it is difficult to form a decided opinion. The writers nearest to the time speak vaguely and moderately, merely telling us that he grew



old in his captivity and was kept in the condition of a slave. It is reserved for authors of the next generation to inform us that he was exposed to the constant gaze of the multitude, fettered, but clad in the imperial purple; and that Sapor, whenever he mounted on horseback, placed his foot upon his prisoner's neck. Some add that when the unhappy captive died, about the year A.D. 265 or 266, his body was flayed and the skin inflated and hung up to view in one of the most frequented temples of Persia, where it was seen by Roman envoys on their visits to the great king's court.

It is impossible to deny that oriental barbarism may conceivably have gone to these lengths; and it is in favor of the truth of the details that Roman vanity would naturally have been opposed to their invention. But, on the other hand, we have to remember that in the East the person of a king is generally regarded as sacred, and that self-interest restrains the conquering monarch from dishonoring one of his own class. We have also to give due weight to the fact that the earlier authorities are silent with respect to any such atrocities, and that they are first related half a century after the time when they are said to have occurred.

Under these circumstances the scepticism of Gibbon with respect to them is perhaps worthy of commendation.

It may be added that oriental monarchs, when they are cruel, do not show themselves ashamed of their cruelties, but usually relate them openly in their inscriptions or represent them in their bas-reliefs. The remains ascribed on good grounds to Sapor do not, however, contain anything confirmatory of the stories which we are considering. Valerian is represented on them in a humble attitude, but not fettered, and never in the posture of extreme degradation commonly associated with his name. He bends his knee, as no doubt he would be required to do, on being brought into the great king's presence; but otherwise he does not appear to be subjected to any indignity. It seems thus to be on the whole most probable that the Roman Emperor was not more severely treated than the generality of captive princes, and that Sapor has been unjustly taxed with abusing the rights of conquest.

The hostile feeling of Odenathus against Sapor did not cease with the retreat of the latter across the Euphrates. The Palmyrene prince was bent on taking advantage of the general confusion of the times to carve out for himself a considerable kingdom, of which Palmyra should be the capital. Syria and Palestine, on the one hand, Mesopotamia, on the other, were the provinces that lay most conveniently near to him and that he especially coveted. But Mesopotamia had remained in the possession of the Persians as the prize of their victory over Valerian, and could only be obtained by wresting it from the hands into which it had fallen. Odenathus did not shrink from this contest. It has been, with some reason, conjectured that Sapor must have been at this time

occupied with troubles which had broken out on the eastern side of his empire. At any rate, it appears that Odenathus, after a short contest with Macrianus and his son, Quietus, turned his arms once more, about A.D. 263, against the Persians, crossed the Euphrates into Mesopotamia, took Carrhæ and Nisibis, defeated Sapor and some of his sons in a battle, and drove the entire Persian host in confusion to the gates of Ctesiphon. He even returned to lay siege to that city; but it was not long before effectual relief arrived; from all the provinces flocked in contingents for the defence of the western capital; several engagements were fought, in some of which Odenathus was defeated; and at last he found himself involved in difficulties through his ignorance of the localities, and so thought it best to retire. Apparently his retreat was undisturbed; he succeeded in carrying off his booty and his prisoners, among whom were several satraps, and he retained possession of Mesopotamia, which continued to form a part of the Palmyrene kingdom until the capture of Zenobia by Aurelian, A.D. 273.

The successes of Odenathus, in A.D. 263, were followed by a period of comparative tranquillity. That ambitious prince seems to have been content with ruling from the Tigris to the Mediterranean, and with the title of "Augustus," which he received from the Roman emperor Gallienus, and "King of Kings," which he assumed upon his coins. He did not press further upon Sapor, nor did the Roman Emperor make any serious attempt to recover his father's person or revenge his defeat upon the Persians. An expedition which he sent out to the East, professedly with this object, in the year A.D. 267, failed utterly, its commander, Heraclianus, being signally defeated by Zenobia, the widow and successor of Odenathus. Odenathus himself was murdered by a kinsman three or four years after his great successes, and though Zenobia ruled his kingdom almost with a man's vigor, the removal of his powerful adversary must have been felt as a relief by the Persian monarch. It is evident, too, that from the time of the accession of Zenobia the relations between Rome and Palmyra had become unfriendly; the old empire grew jealous of the new kingdom which had sprung up upon its borders; and the effect of this jealousy, while it lasted, was to secure Persia from any attack on the part of either.

It appears that Sapor, relieved from any further necessity of defending his empire in arms, employed the remaining years of his life in the construction of great works, and especially in the erection and ornamentation of a new capital. The ruins of Shapur, which still exist near Kazerun, in the province of Fars, commemorate the name and afford some indication of the grandeur of the second Persian monarch. Besides remains of buildings, they comprise a number of bas-reliefs and rock inscriptions, some of which were, beyond a doubt, set up by Sapor I. In one of the most remarkable, the Persian monarch is represented on horseback, wearing the crown usual upon his coins, and holding by the hand a tunicked figure, probably Miriades, whom he is presenting to the captured Romans as their sovereign. Foremost to do him homage is the

kneeling figure of a chieftain, probably Valerian, behind whom are arranged in a double line seventeen persons, representing probably the different corps of the Roman army. All these persons are on foot, while in contrast with them are arranged behind Sapor ten guards on horseback, who represent his irresistible cavalry. Another bas-relief at the same place gives us a general view of Sapor on his return to Persia with his illustrious prisoners. Here fifty-seven guards are ranged behind him, while in front are thirty-three tribute bearers having with them an elephant and a chariot. In the centre is a group of seven figures, comprising: Sapor, who is on horseback in his usual costume; Valerian, who is under the horse's feet; Miriades, who stands by Sapor's side; three principal tribute bearers in front of the main figure; and a \_Victory\_, which floats in the sky.

Another important work, assigned by tradition to Sapor I, is the great dike at Shuster. This is a dam across the river Karun, formed of cut stones, cemented by lime and fastened together by cramps of iron; it is twenty feet broad and no less than twelve hundred feet in length. The whole is a solid mass except in the centre, where two small arches have been constructed for the purpose of allowing a part of the stream to flow in its natural bed. The greater portion of the water is directed eastward into a canal cut for it; and the town of Shuster is thus defended on both sides by a water barrier, whereby the position becomes one of great strength. Tradition says that Sapor used his power over Valerian to obtain Roman engineers for this work; and the great dam is still known as the "Dam of Cæsar" to the inhabitants of the neighboring country.

Sapor died, having reigned thirty-one years, from A.D. 240 to A.D. 271. He was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable princes of the Sassanian series. In military talent, indeed, he may not have equalled his father, for though he defeated Valerian he had to confess himself inferior to Odenathus. But in general governmental ability he is among the foremost of the Neo-Persian monarchs, and may compare favorably with almost any prince of the series. He baffled Odenathus, when he was not able to defeat him, by placing himself behind walls, and by bringing into play those advantages which naturally belonged to the position of a monarch attacked in his own country. He maintained, if he did not permanently advance, the power of Persia in the West, while in the East it is probable that he considerably extended the bounds of his dominion.

To the internal administration of his empire he united works of usefulness with the construction of memorials which had only a sentimental and æsthetic value. He was a liberal patron of art and is thought not to have confined his patronage to the encouragement of native talent. On the subject of religion he did not suffer himself to be permanently led away by the enthusiasm of a young and bold freethinker. He decided to maintain the religious system that had descended to him from his ancestors, and turned a deaf ear to

persuasions that would have led him to revolutionize the religious opinion of the East without placing it upon a satisfactory footing. The orientals add to these commendable features of character that he was a man of remarkable beauty, of great personal courage, and of a noble and princely liberality. According to them, "he only desired wealth that he might use it for good and great purposes."

(from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of The Great Events by Famous Historians, Volume 03, by Various)

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## MARIA THERESA

By ANNA C. BRACKETT

(1717-1780)

Maria Theresa, Archduchess of Austria, was born May 13, 1717, daughter of Charles VI. of the house of Hapsburg--ruling Austria for more than four hundred years--and of Elizabeth of Brunswick. From her father she inherited the "deadly Hapsburg tenacity," and from her mother much good sense and capacity for managing affairs, all of which stood her in good stead. She was especially fortunate in three things: that she lived in the time of Frederick the Great of Prussia, for thus she had given to her a chance to know of what stuff she was made; that she did not marry him, as was proposed by the great Eugene; and that she did not live to see the beautiful head of her daughter, Marie Antoinette, fall under the guillotine. Though the court of Charles VI. rivalled in ceremonial observance that of Spain, the little archduchess was reared in almost Spartan simplicity of dress and food. From Jesuit text-books she learned her history and geography, and she spoke several languages, none of which, however, could she ever write or spell quite correctly. But chiefly she was taught the pre-eminent dignity and power of the Hapsburgs, and the necessary indivisibility of the Austrian state. She learned to hunt, to shoot, and to dance, and at suppers of state she and her little sister were sometimes allowed to present to their stately mother her gloves and fan when the emperor rose. She had an aversion to business and great diffidence of her own capacity, and though the emperor took her to the council of state at the time of the Polish election, when she was only sixteen, he yet failed to give her any real knowledge of the commonest forms of business. In this austere court, never seeing a smile on her father's face, she grew up, "the prettiest little maiden in the world," to a radiant woman, heir-expectant to the throne by virtue of the Pragmatic Sanction, an order of state by means of which the Emperor Charles VI. had undertaken to settle the Austrian succession.

At nineteen she was "beautiful to soul and eye," tall and slight, with brilliant complexion, sparkling gray eyes, and a profusion of golden wavy hair. She had an aquiline nose,--strange to say for a Hapsburg, an exceedingly lovely mouth,--and very beautiful hands and arms. Her voice was sharp but musical, and her quick speech and animated gestures betrayed an ardent and impetuous nature, though she never lost her high and dignified bearing. Her anger was easily roused, but never lasted long, especially when a fault had been committed against herself, and when she knew that she had been too angry she tried to atone by overflowing kindness. She needed only to be convinced that a thing was wrong, to give it up. Whatever she did she did with her whole heart, and gratitude was one of her strongest characteristics. Withal she kept a

constant and steadfast soul, and her nature was delicate and refined; she was a worthy sister of Isabella of Castile. At nineteen, largely through her own persistence, she escaped being made a sacrifice to the political needs of Austria in being given to the heir of Philip V. of Spain, and married the man of her choice, Francis Stephen, the grandson of that Duke of Lorraine who, in 1683, together with John Sobieski, King of Poland, had saved Vienna from the Turks. Her husband was of comely person and suave manners, kind-hearted, though not strong nor brilliant. To him she bore five sons and eleven daughters. She was looking forward to the birth of her eldest son, when, at the age of twenty-three, October 20, 1740, she was proclaimed by the heralds Sovereign Archduchess of Austria, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, for her father lay dead in Vienna, and all the cares and anxieties of government had fallen upon her shoulders. Austria was not one nation, but composed of many differing and scattered peoples jealous of their ancient rights, among whom there could be no sense of unity, and in his many disastrous wars her father had lost several of its possessions. There was the depression of defeat and mismanagement among the state-counsellors, there were only \$65,000 in the treasury, and an army of but 68,000 soldiers. The powers that had given in their adhesion to the Pragmatic Sanction were tardily and but half acknowledging her succession, and from France she could get nothing but dissimulation and uncertainty. On November 1st the young royal wife was joyfully and peacefully creating her husband Grand Master of the Order of the Golden Fleece, and co-regent, and conferring upon him the Bohemian electoral vote. In less than six weeks from that day the Elector of Bavaria had laid formal claim to her throne, Frederick of Prussia had marched his troops into Silesia, one of her finest provinces, calling it his own, and the war of the Austrian Succession was on for seven long years; for the high, heroic heart would not yield one inch, and the sovereign ruler of Austria had met with fine Hapsburg scorn the insulting proposition of the King of Prussia that he would gladly support her right to the throne of her ancestors, provided she would resign to his obliging majesty the whole of Silesia.

The aged counsellors who took it upon themselves to dictate to the young and inexperienced ruler soon found out their mistake. The little girl who had displayed an aversion for business was now a woman with talent for its details, only eager for instruction in order to make up her own mind. The army must be increased and improved, and the people aroused to enthusiasm, if Frederick was to be checked. And it was not Frederick alone that was to be feared, for a great coalition of European powers was formed against her, and she had but England and Saxony to depend on for help, while the enemy was already within her dominions. March 13, 1741, her son Joseph was born, and by September 11th the young mother was in Hungary to urge its people to come to the aid of the threatened country in its extremity. In deep mourning and still pale and delicate, holding the little archduke in her arms, her appeal to the Hungarian nobles roused them to lofty enthusiasm and gained their unswerving devotion. She never forgot this, and when she lay dying, spoke of them

with grateful affection. The war went on with varying fortunes, but she kept heart and hope, though by the end of 1741 the powers were plotting the partition of Austria as a probable event. By 1743 the luck had changed; the Austrian army had redeemed itself, and Maria Theresa was fancying that she should be able to conquer Prussia. It was about this time that she began greatly to rely on Kaunitz, who afterward became Prime Minister, and who shaped for all the after-years of her reign the policy of her rule. The old ministers left her by her father were not able to meet the new difficulties, and the sovereign was often in great anxiety amid conflicting and hesitating counsels, for it was nothing less than the very existence of the country that was at stake. She was thirty-one years old when the war came to an end by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, the particulars of which were entrusted to Kaunitz while he was ambassador at London. By that treaty Maria Theresa gained the final guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction, though she had to cede two of her Italian duchies to the Spanish Bourbons, and Glatz and the much-desired Silesia to the "bad neighbor," as she always called Frederick. She was twenty-eight when she had the pleasure of seeing her husband elected Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, gaining as his wife the title of empress, and being thus often spoken of as the empress-queen.

The war was over, but she knew full well that it was only for a short time, and she spent the eight years of restless peace that followed, in the most unremitting efforts to enable her country to endure the next attack. She had proved that she could create heroes out of common men; she was now to extort praise even from Frederick of Prussia for "accomplishing designs worthy of a great man." A military academy was created at Vienna; order and economy were brought into the treasury and the army; she established camps of instruction and went herself to visit them, recompensing brave officers, calling forth abilities and emulation. The Department of Justice was disjoined from that of the Police, a superior court was established, and the direction of the finances given to a special council, reporting every week to the empress. She often consulted men who were not in office upon matters of policy, and thus got many valuable suggestions. Meantime Kaunitz was ambassador at Paris, and had been bending all his efforts to secure a French alliance, which seemed to him of so much importance that he even induced his royal mistress to write to the Pompadour with a view to securing the influence of Louis XV. in the impending war. This was not the only time that Maria Theresa sacrificed the woman in her to the ruler, for though above all breath of scandal, and devotedly attached to husband and children, she never forgot that she was Austria, and must maintain her inheritance. Then came on the Seven Years' War, in which she had as allies almost all Europe, though at its close she had to give up the last hope of ever regaining Silesia, which was as dear to her as Calais to Mary of England, Frederick agreeing to vote for Joseph as successor to his father as emperor. It was in this war, after the victory of Kolin, that she founded the military order of Maria Theresa,

the beautiful cross of which is still the highest and most coveted Austrian decoration. At the end of the war she was forty-six years old, and it was only two years after, August 18, 1765, that she herself made the shroud for her husband, and put on the mourning which was to last for fifteen years. Ever after that she spent in seclusion the whole month of August and the 18th of every other month, thus breaking the routine of her busy days. I give in brief the account of one of these: Rising at five or six, according to the season, prayer, dressing, hearing mass, breakfast, work till nine on petitions and reports, a second mass, a visit to her children, more work till dinner at one, and again work. This she was apt to do in a sentinel-guarded arbor to which she would go from the palace, carrying despatches and papers in a tray slung by a cord round her neck. Vespers at six, an evening card-party, supper, a walk at eight, and then sleep. After the death of Francis she made her son Joseph joint-ruler, but soon found herself obliged to limit his authority to the care of the army. At fifty the small-pox greatly marred her beauty, though she was now at the age when the constant beauty of soul of her life shone fair on the lofty face. When she was fifty-three she bade good-by to the little fifteen-years-old Marie Antoinette, going, as she hoped, to assure the alliance of France, never to see her again. To her for the rest of Maria Theresa's life, as to the other married daughters, went a courier every three weeks with letters, which have been preserved, and may still be read for knowledge of the mother and empress. At fifty-five Maria Theresa became a party to the partition of Poland, and because this transaction is regarded as a blot upon her character, I give in full the words which she sent to Kaunitz when she returned to him the signed agreement. She was then fifty-five years old, and keen memories of 1741 and of her young life must have stirred the trembling pen as she wrote on it: "Placet", because so many great and learned men wish it; but when I have been long dead, people will see what must come from the violation of everything that until now has been deemed holy and right." And then on a slip of paper sent with the document stood these words: "When all my countries were attacked, and I no longer knew where I might go quietly to lie in, I stood stiff on my good right and the help of God. But in this affair, when not only clear justice cries to Heaven against us, but also all fairness and common-sense condemn us, I must confess that all the days of my life I have never felt so troubled, and I am ashamed to show myself before the people. Let the prince consider what an example we give to the world, when, for a miserable slice of Poland or of Moldavia and Wallachia, we risk the loss of our honor and reputation. I feel that I am alone, and no longer in health and strength; and therefore, although not without my greatest sorrow I allow matters to take their own course."

The heaviest burdens and greatest trials of her life were now over. The fruit of her careful plans was beginning to be reaped in prosperity, and a long period of tranquillity had come. She turned all her attention to reforms: academies were established, among others one for the education of the Magyar noble youth in Vienna, that these might become the more



surely incorporated with the Austrian system. The public schools were reconstituted, the monasteries reformed, and no longer allowed to furnish asylums for criminals. Priests were forbidden to be present at the making of wills, and the Inquisition was suppressed. Through most convincing efforts on the part of Kaunitz, the Jesuits had been finally expelled from the country. Agriculture, trade, and commerce were encouraged, though by the advice of England the navy was given up. Inoculation for the small-pox was introduced, and a hospital for its treatment, as well as a home for veteran soldiers, built in Vienna. When she was sixty, the war of the Bavarian Succession was happily ended, in opposition to the will of Joseph, by her most untiring efforts. Servitude and the torture had been abolished; the taxes, on a better basis, were bringing in large returns; a standing army had been created, the monarchy lifted and strengthened, and the court and the people stood together against oppression from the aristocracy. Austria had been carried from the Middle Ages into modern times, and was no longer a conglomeration but a nation.

Maria Theresa had reached the age of sixty-three when the brave religious spirit, over which flattery had had no power, was waiting in pain and anguish but not in fear the hour of its release. The generous and open hand could no longer give; the heart so keenly sensitive to criticism was to dread it no more; the eyes that, as she had written to Marie Antoinette, had shed so many relieving tears were nevermore to need that relief. "You are all so timid," she said, "I am not afraid of death. I only pray to God to give me strength to the end." She did not forget Poland, she gratefully remembered Hungary, and then, with the cry, "To Thee! I am coming!" she sank back dead, in the arms of the son whom, as a little baby, she had held up in her brave arms to plead for the loyalty of the Hungarian nobles. The high imperial heart had ceased to beat, the house of Hapsburg had come to an end, and Joseph II., of the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine, was the sovereign ruler of Austria.

(from: Project Gutenberg's Great Men and Famous Women. Vol. 4 of 8, by Various)

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## THE IRISH POLITICAL PRISONERS

+Source.+--Historical Records of Australia. Vol. II, p. 128

In 1795, while Great Britain was at war with France, a great rebellion broke out in Ireland. During its suppression many of the Irish were transported to Port Jackson, and caused much trouble and disaffection among the convicts there.

## GOVERNOR HUNTER TO THE DUKE OF PORTLAND

Sydney, New South Wales, \_15 Feb. 1798.\_

My Lord Duke,

I have for some time been in doubt whether the representation I am about to make to your Grace should be private or public, but on considering that it might occasion the adoption of some measure interesting to the concerns of this colony, I have preferred the latter mode.

In order that your Grace should have the earliest opportunity of taking into consideration the subject I am about to introduce, I could have wished to have been enabled to communicate it immediately.

To come without further preface to the point in question, I have to inform your Grace that the Irish convicts are become so turbulent, so dissatisfied with their situation here, so extremely insolent, refractory, and troublesome, that, without the most rigid and severe treatment it is impossible for us to receive any labour whatever from them. Your Grace will see the inconvenience which so large a proportion of that ignorant, obstinate, and depraved set of transports occasion in this country by what I now state, and which has taken place since I wrote my letter No. 30, herewith forwarded.

In addition to their natural vicious propensities they have conceived an opinion that there is a colony of white people in some part of this country in which they will receive all the comforts of life without the necessity of labour. They have lately taken away two of our breeding mares to carry them towards that part of the country and have made several attempts to possess themselves of others. This, my Lord, is a serious inconvenience to the colony. The loss of any part of our small stock of these useful animals is a matter of peculiar concern.

A correspondence, it seems, has been carried on by these people from one district to another, and plans have been projected for their escaping from the colony, and a few have attempted by land, as well as by water, and for the want of our having earlier information they have succeeded.

I have found it necessary to divide them as much as possible, to prevent such schemes being formed; but by this separation they have a better opportunity of irritating and inflaming the minds of those convicts who before such acquaintance have been found of better disposition.

Having already mentioned in my letter, No. 30, the escape of those who had taken away two of our boats, and the disappointment of another gang, and similar attempt, I have now to inform your Grace of a far more numerous gang, who had provided what they thought necessary for their expedition, had fixed upon the place of general rendezvous, and were furnished with a paper of written instructions how they were to travel in point of direction from hence to this fancied paradise, or to China. This paper of directions will warrant my suspicion that some wicked and disaffected person or persons lurk somewhere in this colony, and I have done all in my power to discover them, but hitherto without success. Having received early information of the intention of this party, who were said to have increased to about sixty, I planted a party of armed constables, on whose vigilance I could depend, and they secured a gang of these Defenders of about twenty and brought them to prison. The next day I spoke to them, but observing a considerable degree of obstinacy and ignorance about them, I conceived there could be no better argument used to convince them of their misconduct than a severe corporal punishment, which was inflicted, and they have since been strictly looked after at their work. Some of those fellows had been provided with a figure of a compass drawn upon paper which, with written instructions, was to have assisted them as their guide. The ignorance of these deluded people, my Lord, would scarcely be credited if such positive proof of it were not before us, and yet (which seems to imply a kind of contradiction) it is extraordinary with what art and cunning they form their horrible plans of wickedness and villainy.

In their schemes of desertion from the colony, their own death, if they succeed in getting away, is inevitable; but their minds have been worked up to such a pitch of folly, rashness, and absurdity, that nothing but experience will convince them; if we suffer them to escape into the country they are lost, not only to us but to the world, for perish they must.

For the sake, therefore, of humanity, and a strong desire to save these men, worthless as they are, from impending death, I ordered four of the strongest and hardiest of their numbers to be selected by the people themselves, and to prepare for a journey of discovery for the satisfaction of their associates, in order that they might have an opportunity of relating upon their return whatever they saw and met with. I had, farther, for the safety and preservation of those four, directed three people, long accustomed to the woods, and acquainted with some of the mountain savages, to accompany them; these men had also a little knowledge of the language of the savages, from having lived some months amongst them, and they were instructed to lead them back when,

fatigued and exhausted with their journey over steep and rocky mountains, through thick and extensive woods, and fording deep and rapid rivers, they should feel disposed to abandon their journey. This plan was no sooner settled than I received information that a party of these miscreants had agreed with the four above-mentioned to meet them at a certain place absolutely to murder the very persons intended to be their guides, and to possess themselves of their arms and munitions and provisions, in addition to what each was supplied with, and to take their own route. These circumstances will, no doubt, appear to your Grace wild and extravagant; but after having mentioned their ignorance in the manner I have it may serve to convince your Grace that there are improper persons in this colony who work upon that ignorance to a dangerous degree. In consequence of the information of this design against their guides, I ordered four soldiers to attend them to the foot of the first mountain with orders how to act if any others attempted to join them; none appeared, and the whole of them returned with the soldiers, most completely sick of their journey.

Our flocks and our crops, my Lord, are all I feel any concern about; strict, rigid, and just punishment shall constantly hang over these delinquents, and this, I trust, they are already convinced of. I hope the return of the above three, and the story they can tell, will serve to make them more contented with their present lot, and open their eyes to the comforts which in this country they may derive and enjoy, and which are certainly superior to any they ever possessed in their own.

Strange as such instances of human ignorance and depravity are, I have to inform your Grace that a small party of those very people, some short time after, actually contrived to make their escape, and after travelling for many weeks through the country, made shift to reach the sea-coast, near Botany Bay, but in a part where no boat has ever been seen. Providentially, however, a boat had lost her way in going to George's River and found those unhappy deluded wretches, on a place where they had been nine days, and where they must soon have perished but for this miraculous event. They were brought back almost exhausted from want of food, and from sad and powerful conviction have promised to warn their countrymen against such wild excursions in future.

I will here take an opportunity of mentioning that those men who had left a part of their crew upon an island to the southward, and had returned and taken a larger boat at Broken Bay, and had been wrecked upon the coast to the northward, built out of the ruins of their vessel a small boat in which they reached the above Bay; but not being able to possess themselves of another, fit for their purpose, were, for want of food, driven to the necessity of travelling across the country; they wrote to me, but it was impossible to listen to their feigned story; they were armed and carried some appearance of an intention to defend themselves; they, however, surrendered themselves up, and were tried and severally pleaded guilty of the robberies wherewith they were charged,

and two out of the six suffered death--an awful example, which, I hope, will have a proper effect and prevent such attempts in future. Several of them assured me that they had seen the wreck of the first boat--which I mentioned in my letter No. 30--and it is very probable the crew have perished.

I have, etc.,

JNO. HUNTER.

(from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of A Source Book Of Australian History  
by Compiled by Gwendolen H. Swinburne)

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## JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

You see nothing of Jerusalem till you get inside the city, and to enjoy a visit requires a greater enthusiasm than any to which I can lay claim. We were safely landed at Jaffa, which by this time ought to have a more decent landing-place; thence, after a glance at the house where Simon the Tanner carried on business, I made my way—along tortuous roads, more or less blocked with stones and rubbish, and more or less exposed to a burning sun—to the station, whence we were to start for Jerusalem, a hot ride of nearly four hours in railway-carriages of very second-rate quality. The land about Jaffa is fertile and well cultivated; fig-trees and olive-trees and orange-groves are abundant, and at Jaffa the chief business seemed to be packing them in boxes for export. At one particular spot our conductor told us that it was there that Samson set the cornfields of the Philistines on fire. Certainly the ground seemed dry and baked up enough. Then Arithmea was reached. On our way we got our first sight of a native village, built of mud huts, into which it seemed difficult to find an entrance. A Kaffir village is infinitely to be preferred. The scene of desolation was complete. On the neighbouring rocks nothing was to be seen but flocks of goats. A little fairer scene opened on us as we passed the neat German colony that has settled down here, almost under the shadow of the walls of Jerusalem. Then the terminus is gained, and we are whirled in a cloud of dust, in rickety carriages, driven by their hoarsely-shouting drivers at full gallop, all of us white as millers, being clothed with dust. I wash at Howard's Hotel, swallow a cup of tea, and, as we do not dine till six, make my way into Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate. A little of Jerusalem goes a long way. It is dark and stifling, swarming with people and camels and asses, and noisy beyond description. A sort of Rag Fair, only with a few touches of the East, such as a veiled woman, or a stately Turk in turban and flowing robes, or a black-coated, black-bearded Greek priest, or a low row of shopkeepers, sitting patiently in their dark and tiny shops, thrown in. You must keep moving, or you will be run over by a donkey or a camel, for, as the country round Jerusalem grows nothing, the necessities of life have all to be brought from a distance. My respected countrymen and countrywomen are in a state of gush all the while, not to be wondered at when you think of the Jerusalem of David, and Solomon, and Jesus Christ. As it is in reality, I own I see very little to gush about. I reach the Via Dolorosa—there is no trace of Christ there; I pass the Church of the Sepulchre and the mosque which marks the site where Solomon built his Temple. I think of the royal Psalmist who here poured forth the wailings of his heart in language which has formed the penitential chant of all the ages. But if I would see the Christ I must get out of this city, all crammed with lies and living upon lies. I muse by myself in the Garden of Gethsemane; I climb the Mount of Olives. It is outside the city, away from [Picture: Jerusalem: via Dolorosa and Pontius Pilate's House] its old and new churches, that I see the living Christ and Calvary, and feel how true it is that

‘Each soul redeemed from sin and death  
Must know its Calvary.’

I have had enough of Jerusalem. My fellow-travellers leave me to go to Jericho. I have no wish to be sent to Jericho, and prefer to remain under the grateful shelter of my hotel, just outside the Jaffa Gate. What strikes me most is the prosperity of the place. It is growing fast, in spite of Turkish rule. The people are robbed by the tax-collectors; nevertheless, the place gains, and the population outside the city walls is quite as great as that within. One reason, of course, is that wealthy Christians in England and America spend large sums of money in keeping up proselytizing establishments here, and in erecting fine buildings for the same end. Of course we have a Bishop here, but he is High Church, and seems, from all I hear, more inclined to bridge over the gulf between his Church and the Greek than to promote general and undenominational Christian work. The number of poor Jews is enormous. They come here from all parts of the world to die in the Sacred City, and have many charities established on their behalf. The Britisher has this advantage—that he pays no taxes. The Jew is not permitted to hold a bit of land unless he has been a resident here five years. The Turk holds Jerusalem to be a sacred city only second to Mecca. No wonder, then, that the nations have fought bitterly for the possession of its so-called sacred shrines; no wonder that Christians from all parts of the world hasten to Jerusalem, and that you meet in the streets and shops and hotels such a mixture of men and women—brought by excursion-parties from London—as, perhaps, you have never seen before, and, perchance, may wish never to see again. I suppose it has ever been so. Those old Crusaders must have been rather a mixed lot. As it is, [Picture: View from St. Stephen’s Gate, with Russian Church and Garden of Gethsemane] the Russian Church seems most in evidence. It has spent, apparently, a great deal of money in building purposes. Its new church, half-way up the Mount of Olives, is one of the finest buildings to be seen outside the walls. The Russian is wily; he knows what he is about—at any rate, better than many of his rivals in the race for empire.

I think most of my party are getting tired of Jerusalem—even the clergy, of whom we have many. Exertion of any kind is painful on these dusty highways and under this blazing sun. There has been no rain for six months, and the Jews in the synagogue are praying for it daily, and yet it seems as far off as ever. One thing that is really enjoyable is the cool splendour of these cloudless skies by night. I have seen the moon rise in many lands, but never—no, not even under the Southern Cross—a moon so full, so fair, so bright, as that of Judæa, as it throws its silvery light over old walls and peasants’ huts, on hill and dale—I may not say ancient ruins, for all is new outside Jerusalem, and as regards most of the city a similar remark may be made. For Saracen and Roman have devastated and destroyed entirely the real Jerusalem, which is now only being disinterred by the labours of the agents of the Palestine

Exploration Fund, of whom Dr. Bliss is the chief.

The Jews preponderate everywhere, apparently poor and depressed. The real Turk, sleek and well robed, is an imposing figure, but the dragomans—chiefly Greeks, or of the Greek Church—are active and intelligent, and very ready to use their English, of which, apparently, they have but an imperfect knowledge. The Jews speak the common dialect of the country, but are taught Hebrew in the many schools established for their benefit. The food displayed in their cook-shops is, however, by no means tempting, and nowhere, unless it be at such an international hotel as that of Chevalier Howard, is the commissariat department very strong. But we have clean, cool, delightful bedrooms. And Mr. Chevalier himself is a remarkably intelligent and active man, and offers the traveller facilities for excursions such as he can find nowhere else. When one thinks of Palestine and the place it fills in the world's history, it is hard to realize what a small extent of country it contains. Its length is about 200 miles, and its average breadth 75 miles. On one side is the Mediterranean Sea, and on the other the desert plain of Arabia. A mountain range runs through it from north to south. Its chief rivers are the Jordan, the Litany, the Abana, and the Pharpar. I fancy it is better to come here in the spring than in the autumn.

(from: The Project Gutenberg eBook, Cities of the Dawn, by J. Ewing Ritchie)

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## LEGEND OF THE CALLEJÓN DEL PADRE LECUONA

Who Padre Lecuona was, Señor, and what he did or had done to him in this street that caused his name to be given to it, I do not know. The Padre about whom I now am telling you, who had this strange thing happen to him in this street, was named Lanza; but he was called by everybody Lanchitas--according to our custom of giving such endearing diminutives to the names of those whom we love. He deserved to be loved, this excellent Padre Lanchitas: because he himself loved everybody, and freely gave to all in sickness or in trouble his loving aid. Confessing to him was a pleasure; and his absolution was worth having, because it was given always with the approval of the good God. My own grandfather knew him well, Señor, having known a man who had seen him when he was a boy. Therefore this strange story about him is true.

On a night--and it was a desponding night, because rain was falling and there was a chill wind--Padre Lanchitas was hurrying to the house of a friend of his, where every week he and three other gentlemen of a Friday evening played malilla together. It is a very serious game, Señor, and to play it well requires a large mind. He was late, and that was why he was hurrying.

When he was nearly come to the house of his friend--and glad to get there because of the rain and the cold--he was stopped by an old woman plucking at his wet cloak and speaking to him. And the old woman begged him for God's mercy to come quickly and confess a dying man. Now that is a call, Señor, that a priest may not refuse; but because his not joining them would inconvenience his friends, who could not play at their game of malilla without him, he asked the woman why she did not go to the parish priest of the parish in which the dying man was. And the woman answered him that only to him would the dying man confess; and she begged him again for God's mercy to hurry with her, or the confession would not be made in time--and then the sin of his refusal would be heavy on his own soul when he himself came to die.

So, then, the Padre went with her, walking behind her along the cold dark streets in the mud with the rain falling; and at last she brought him to the eastern end of this street that is called the Callejón del Padre Lecuona, and to the long old house there that faces toward the church of El Carmen and has a hump in the middle on the top of its front wall. It is a very old house, Señor. It was built in the time when we had Viceroy, instead of the President Porfirio; and it has no windows--only a great door for the entering of carriages at one end of it, and a small door in the middle of it, and another small door at the other end. A person who sells charcoal, Señor, lives there now.

It was to the middle door that the woman brought Padre Lanchitas. The door was not fastened, and at a touch she pushed it open and in they went together--and the first thing that the Padre noticed when he was come through the doorway was a very bad smell. It was the sort of smell, Señor, that is found in very old houses of which all the doors and windows have been shut fast for a very long time. But the Padre had matters more important than bad smells to attend to, and all that he did about it was to hold his handkerchief close to his nose. One little poor candle, stuck on a nail in a board, was set in a far corner; and in another corner was a man lying on a mat spread upon the earth floor; and there was nothing else whatever--excepting cobwebs everywhere, and the bad smell, and the old woman, and the Padre himself--in that room.

That he might see him whom he was to confess, Padre Lanchitas took the candle in his hand and went to the man on the mat and pulled aside the ragged and dirty old blanket that covered him; and then he started back with a very cold qualm in his stomach, saying to the woman: "This man already is dead! He cannot confess! And he has the look of having been dead for a very long while!" And that was true, Señor--for what he saw was a dry and bony head, with yellow skin drawn tight over it, having shut eyes deep sunken. Also, the two hands which rested crossed upon the man's breast were no more than the same dry yellow skin shrunk close over shrunken bones! And, seeing such a bad strange sight, the Padre was uneasy and alarmed.

But the woman said back to him with assurance, yet also coaxingly: "This man is going to confess, Padrecito"--and, so speaking, she fetched from its far corner the board with the nail in it, and took the candle from him and set it fast again upon the nail. And then the man himself, in the light and in the shadow, sat up on the mat and began to recite in a voice that had a rusty note in it the Confiteor Deo--and after that, of course, there was nothing for the Padre to do but to listen to him till the end.

What he told, Señor, being told under the seal of confession, of course remained always a secret. But it was known, later, that he spoke of matters which had happened a good two hundred years back--as the Padre knew because he was a great reader of books of history; and that he put himself into the very middle of those matters and made the terrible crime that he had committed a part of them; and that he ended by telling that in that ancient time he had been killed in a brawl suddenly, and so had died unconfessed and unshriven, and that ever since his soul had blistered in hell.

Hearing such wild talk from him, the Padre was well satisfied that the poor man's wits were wandering in his fever--as happens with many, Señor, in their dying time--and so bade him lie quietly and rest himself; and promised that he would come to him and hear his

confession later on.

But the man cried out very urgently that that must not be: declaring that by God's mercy he had been given one single chance to come back again out of Eternity to confess his sins and to be shriven of them; and that unless the Padre did hearken then and there to the confession of his sins, and did shrive him of them, this one chance that God's mercy had given him would be lost and wasted--and back he would go forever to the hot torments of hell.

Therefore the Padre--being sure, by that time, that the man was quite crazy in his fever--let him talk on till he had told the whole story of his frightful sinnings; and then did shrive him, to quiet him--just as you promise the moon to a sick, fretful child. And the devil must have been very uneasy that night, Señor, because the good nature of that kind-hearted priest lost to him what by rights was his own!

As Padre Lanchitas spoke the last words of the absolution, the man fell back again on his mat with a sharp crackling sound like that of dry bones rattling; and the woman had left the room; and the candle was sputtering out its very last sparks. Therefore the Padre went out in a hurry through the still open door into the street; and no sooner had he come there than the door closed behind him sharply, as though some one on the inside had pushed against it strongly to shut it fast.

Out in the street he had expected to find the old woman waiting for him; and he looked about for her everywhere, desiring to tell her that she must send for him when the man's fever left him--that he might return and hear from the man a real confession, and really shrive him of his sins. But the old woman was quite gone. Thinking that she must have slipped past him in the darkness into the house, he knocked at the door lightly, and then loudly; but no answer came to his knocking--and when he tried to push the door open, using all his strength, it held fast against his pushing as firmly as though it had been a part of the stone wall.

So the Padre, having no liking for standing there in the cold and rain uselessly, hurried onward to his friend's house--and was glad to get into the room where his friends were waiting for him, and where plenty of candles were burning, and where it was dry and warm.

He had walked so fast that his forehead was wet with sweat when he took his hat off, and to dry it he put his hand into his pocket for his handkerchief; but his handkerchief was not in his pocket--and then he knew that he must have dropped it in the house where the dying man lay. It was not just a common handkerchief, Señor, but one very finely embroidered--having the letters standing for his name worked upon it, with a wreath around them--that had been made for him by a nun of his acquaintance in a convent of which he was the almoner; and so, as he

did not at all like to lose it, he sent his friend's servant to that old house to get it back again. After a good long while, the servant returned: telling that the house was shut fast, and that one of the watch--seeing him knocking at the door of it--had told him that to knock there was only to wear out his knuckles, because no one had lived in that house for years and years!

All of this, as well as all that had gone before it, was so strange and so full of mystery, that Padre Lanchitas then told to his three friends some part of what that evening had happened to him; and it chanced that one of the three was the notary who had in charge the estate of which that very house was a part. And the notary gave Padre Lanchitas his true word for it that the house--because of some entangling law matters--had stood locked fast and empty for as much as a lifetime; and he declared that Padre Lanchitas must be mixing that house with some other house--which would be easy, since all that had happened had been in the rainy dark. But the Padre, on his side, was sure that he had made no mistake in the matter; and they both got a little warm in their talk over it; and they ended by agreeing--so that they might come to a sure settlement--to meet at that old house, and the notary to bring with him the key of it, on the morning of the following day.

So they did meet there, Señor, and they went to the middle door--the one that had opened at a touch from the old woman's hand. But all around that door, as the notary bade Padre Lanchitas observe before they opened it, were unbroken cobwebs; and the keyhole was choked with the dust that had blown into it, little by little, in the years that had passed since it had known a key. And the other two doors of the house were just the same. However, Padre Lanchitas would not admit, even with that proof against him, that he was mistaken; and the notary, smiling at him but willing to satisfy him, picked out the dust from the keyhole and got the key into it and forced back hardly the rusty bolt of the lock--and together they went inside.

Coming from the bright sunshine into that dusky place--lighted only from the doorway, and the door but part way open because it was loose on its old hinges and stuck fast--they could see at first nothing more than that the room was empty and bare. What they did find, though--and the Padre well remembered it--was the bad smell. But the notary said that just such bad smells were in all old shut-up houses, and it proved nothing; while the cobwebs and the closed keyhole did prove most certainly that Padre Lanchitas had not entered that house the night before--and that nobody had entered it for years and years. To what the notary said there was nothing to be answered; and the Padre--not satisfied, but forced to give in to such strong proof that he was mistaken--was about to come away out of the house, and so have done with it. But just then, Señor, he made a very wonderful and horrifying discovery. By that time his eyes had grown accustomed to

the shadows; and so he saw over in one corner--lying on the floor close beside where the man had lain whose confession he had taken--a glint of something whitish. And, Señor, it was his very own handkerchief that he had lost!

That was enough to satisfy even the notary; and as nothing more was to be done there they came out, and gladly, from that bad dark place into the sunshine. As for Padre Lanchitas, Señor, he was all mazed and daunted--knowing then the terrible truth that he had confessed a dead man; and, what was worse, that he had given absolution to a sinful soul come hot to him from hell! He held his hat in his hand as he came out from the house--and never did he put it on again: bareheaded he went thenceforward until the end of his days! He was a very good man, and his life had been always a very holy life; but from that time on, till the death of him, he made it still holier by his prayings and his fastings and his endless helpings of the poorest of the poor. At last he died. And it is said, Señor, that in the walls of that old house they found dead men's bones.

(from: Project Gutenberg's Legends of the City of Mexico, by Thomas A. Janvier)

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## **A FATAL REPUTATION.**

BY ISABEL FRANCES BELLOWS.

I am impelled to write this as an awful warning to young men and women who are just entering upon life and its responsibilities. Years ago I thoughtlessly took a false step, which at the time seemed trivial and of little import, but which has since assumed colossal proportions that threaten to overshadow much of the innocent happiness of my otherwise placid existence. What wonder, then, that I try to avert this danger from young and inexperienced minds who in their gay thoughtlessness rush into the very jaws of the disaster, and before they are well aware find they are entrapped for life, as there is no escape for those who have thus brought their doom upon themselves.

I will try and relate how, like the Lady of Shalott, when I first began to gaze upon the world of realities "the curse" came upon me. It was in this wise:

I lived in my youth an almost cloistral life of seclusion and self-absorption, from which I was suddenly shaken by circumstances, and forced to mingle in the busy world; to which, after the first shock, I was not at all averse, but found very interesting, and also--and there was the weight that pulled me down--tolerably amusing. For I met some curious people, and saw and heard some remarkable things; and as I went among my friends I often used to give an account of my observations, until at last I discovered that wherever I went, and under whatever circumstances (except, of course, at the funeral of a member of the family), I was expected to be amusing! I found myself in the same relation to society that the clown bears to the circus-master who has engaged him--he must either be funny or leave the troupe.

Now, I am unfortunate in having no particular accomplishments. I cannot sing either the old songs or the new; neither am I a performer on divers instruments. I can paint a little, but my paintings do not seem to rouse any enthusiasm in the beholder, nor do they add an inspiring strain to conversation. I can, indeed, make gingerbread and six different kinds of pudding, but I hesitate to mention it, because the cook is far in advance of me in all these particulars, not to mention numerous other ways in which she excels. I have thus but one resource in life; and when I give one or two instances of the humiliation and distress of mind to which I have been subjected on its account I am sure I shall win a sympathizing thought even from those who are more favored by nature, and possibly save a few young spirits from the pain of treading in my footsteps.

In the first place, I am not naturally witty. Epigrams do not rise spontaneously to my lips, and it sometimes takes days and even weeks of

consideration after an opportunity of making one has occurred before the appropriate words finally dawn upon me. By that time, of course, the retort is what the Catholics call "a work of supererogation." I perhaps possess a slight "sense of the humorous," which has undoubtedly given rise to the fatal demand upon me, but I do not remember ever having been very funny. There never was any danger of my experiencing difficulties like Dr. Holmes on that famous occasion when he was as funny as he could be. I have often been as funny as I could be, but the smallest of buttons on the slenderest of threads never detached itself on my account. I have never had to restrain my humorous remarks in the slightest degree, but on the contrary have sometimes been driven into making the most atrocious jokes, and even puns, because it was evident something of the sort was expected from me--only, of course, something better.

One occurrence of this kind will remain forever fixed in my memory. I was invited to a picnic, that most ghastly device of the human mind for playing at having a good time. At first I had declined to go, but it was represented to me that no less than three families had company for whose entertainment something must be done; that two young and interesting friends of mine just about to be engaged to each other would be simply inconsolable if the plan were given up; and, in short, that I should show by not going an extremely hateful and unseemly spirit--"besides, it wouldn't do to have it without you, my dear," continued my amiable friend, "because you know you are always the life of the party." So I sighed and consented.

The day arrived, and before nine o'clock in the morning the mercury stood at ninety degrees in the shade. The cook overslept herself, and breakfast was so late that William Henry missed the train into the city, which didn't make it pleasanter for any of us. I had made an especially delicate cake to take with me as my share of the feast, and while we were at breakfast I heard a crash in the direction of the kitchen, and hastening tremblingly to discover the origin of it I found the cake and the plate containing it in one indistinguishable heap on the floor.

"It slipped between me two hands as if it was alive, bad luck to it," said the cook; "and it was meself that saw the heavy crack in the plate before you set the cake onto it, mum!"

I took cookies and boiled eggs to the picnic.

The wreck had hardly been cleared away before my son and heir appeared in the doorway with a hole of unimagined dimensions in his third worst trousers. His second worst were already in the mending basket, so nothing remained for me but to clothe him in his best suit and wonder all day in which part of them I should find the largest hole when I came home.

Lastly, I had just put on my hat, and was preparing to set forth, warm, tired and demoralized, when my youngest, in her anxiety to bid me a sufficiently affectionate farewell, lost her small balance, and came rolling down-stairs after me. No serious harm was done, but it took nearly an hour before I succeeded in soothing and comforting her sufficiently to be able to leave her, with two brown-paper patches on her head and elbow, in the care of the nurse.

When I arrived late, discouraged and with a headache, at the picnic grounds, I found the assembled company sitting vapidly about among mosquitoes and beetles, already looking bored to death, and I soon perceived that it was expected of me to provide amusement and entertainment for the crowd. I tried to rally, therefore, and proposed a few games, which went off in a spiritless manner enough, and apparently in consequence I began to be assailed with questions and remarks of a reproachful character.

"Don't you feel well to-day?" "Has anything happened?" "You don't seem as lively as usual!" No one took the slightest notice of my explanations, until at last, goaded into desperation by one evil-minded old woman, who asked me if it were true that my husband was involved in the failure of Smith, Jones & Co., I launched out and became wildly and disgracefully silly. Nothing seemed too foolish, too senseless to say if it only answered the great purpose of keeping off the attack of personal questions.

Thus the wretched day wore on, until at last it was time to go home, and the first feeling approaching content was stealing into my weary bosom as I gathered up my basket and shawls, when it was rudely dashed by the following conversation, conducted by two ladies to whom I had been introduced that day. They were standing at a little distance from the rest of the company and from me, and evidently thought themselves far enough away to talk quite loud, so that these words were plainly borne to my ears:

"I hate to see people try to make themselves so conspicuous, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed; and to try to be funny when they haven't any fun in them."

"I can't imagine what Maria was thinking about to call her witty!"

"I know it. I should think such people had better keep quiet when they haven't anything to say. I'm glad it's time to go home. Picnics are such stupid things!"

What more was said I do not know, for I left the spot as quickly as possible, making an inward resolution to avoid all picnics in the future till I should arrive at my second childhood.



I cannot refrain from giving one other little instance of my sufferings from this cause. I was again invited out; this time to a lunch party, specially to meet the friend of a friend of mine. The very morning of the day it was to take place I received a telegram stating that my great-aunt had died suddenly in California. Now people don't usually care much about their great-aunts. They can bear to be chastened in this direction very comfortably; but I did care about mine. She had been very kind to me, and though the width of a continent had separated us for the last ten years her memory was still dear to me.

I sat down immediately to write a note excusing myself from my friend's lunch party, when, just as I took the paper, it occurred to me that it was rather a selfish thing to do. My friend's guests were invited, and her arrangements all made; and as the visit of her friend was to be very short the opportunity of our meeting would probably be lost. So I wrote instead a note to the daughter of my great aunt, and when the time came I went to the lunch party with a heavy heart. I had no opportunity of telling my friend of the sad news I had received that morning, and I suppose I may have been quiet; perhaps I even seemed indifferent, though I tried not to be. I could not have been very successful, however, for I was just going up-stairs to put on my "things" to go home, when I heard this little conversation in the dressing-room:

"It's too bad she wasn't more interesting to-day, but you never can tell how it will be. She will do as she likes, and that's the end of it."

"Yes," said another voice, "I think she is rather a moody person anyway; she won't say a word if she doesn't feel like it."

"Sh--'sh--here she comes," said another, with the tone and look that told me it was I of whom they were talking.

And so I adjure all youthful and hopeful persons, who have a tendency to be funny, to keep it a profound secret from the world. Indulge in your propensities to any extent in your family circle; keep your immediate relatives, if you like, in convulsions of inextinguishable laughter all the time; but when you mingle in society guard your secret with your life. Never make a joke, and, if necessary, never take one; and by so doing you shall peradventure escape that wrath to come to which I have fallen an innocent victim, and which I doubt not will bring me to an untimely end.--\_The Independent.\_

(from: The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Wit of Women, by Kate Sanborn)

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## GULLS AT ST. IVES

\_Gulls in fishing harbours--Their numbers and beautiful appearance at St. Ives--Different species--Robbing the fishermen--How they are regarded--The Glaucous gull or Burgomaster--Cause of the fishermen's feeling--A demonstration of hungry gulls--A gull tragedy.\_

[TO a bird lover the principal charm of St. Ives is in its gull population. Gulls greatly outnumber all the other wild birds of the town and harbour put together, and though they have not the peculiar fascination of the jackdaw, which is due to that bird's intelligence and amusing rascalities, they are very much more beautiful.

Of all feathered creatures gulls are ever the quickest to discover food thrown accidentally in their way by man. In many lands, crows, vultures, carrion hawks, and omnivorous feeders generally acquire the habit of watching the movements of the human hunter and of travellers in desert places for the sake of his leavings.

In the gulls this habit is universal; their "wide eyes that search the sea" have discovered that where there is a ship or boat something may be picked up by following it, and in all lands where there is a plough to share(s.p.) the soil the plougher is pretty sure to have a following of gulls at his heels. In harbours they are much at home, but are especially attracted to a fishing town, and it would be hard to find one where they make a better appearance than at St. Ives. But not solely on account of their numbers and tameness, since they congregate at all fishing stations and are just as tame and abundant elsewhere. At St. Ives they make a better show because of the picturesque character of the place itself--the small harbour, open to the wide blue bay and the Atlantic, crowded with its forest of tall slim masts resembling a thick grove of larches in winter, while for background there is the little old town, its semicircle of irregular quaint and curious stone-grey and tile-red buildings.

The gulls that congregate here are of several kinds: on most days one can easily count five species, the most abundant being the herring and the lesser black-backed gulls, and with them you generally see one or two great black-backs. Then there are the two small species, the common and the black-headed gull. These, when it comes to a general scramble for the small fishes and other waste, are mere pickers-up of unconsidered trifles on the outskirts of the whirlwind of wings, the real fighting area, and their guttural cries--a familiar sound to Londoners in winter--are drowned in the tempest of hard, piercing, and grinding metallic noises emitted by the bigger birds.

All this noise and fury and scurry of wings of innumerable white forms, mixed up with boats and busy shouting men, comes to be regarded by the

people concerned as a necessary part of the whole business, and the bigger the bird crowd and the louder the uproar the better they appear to like it. For their gulls are very dear to them.

One morning when looking on and enjoying the noisy scene, I saw one of the smaller boats left unattended by the men.

They had thrown a canvas over the fish, but this the gulls soon succeeded in pulling aside; then those overhead converging poured down in the form of a white column, and the boat was covered from stem to stern with a mass of birds madly fighting for the herrings. The men in other boats close by looked on and laughed; by and by they began shouting, but this had no effect, and the struggling and feasting went on until the master of the boat returned and scared them off. He said afterwards that they had devoured half his catch, yet the men who had been standing by looking on had made no real attempt to save the fish.

The gulls know their friends very well; with the man in sea-boots and oilskins they are tamer than any domestic bird; they will take food from his hands and love to settle to rest on the boats and to sit perched like swallows on the mast top. They have not the same confidence towards strangers, and they positively dislike small boys. When boys appear they fly away to a distance. One evening, the men being out of sight, I found three urchins amusing themselves by throwing stones at a few small gulls flying about the sand in search of scraps. "What would you get," I asked them, "if one of the men caught you stoning the gulls?" "Oh!" cried the biggest of the three, drawing his head down between his shoulders in a most expressive way, "we'd get our ears well cuffed."

"Very well," I said, "I'm here in their place to-day to look after the birds." In a moment they dropped their stones and taking to their heels vanished in a neighbouring court.

Yet these very boys in a few years' time, when they will be in the boats too, will have the same feeling as the men, and be ready to inflict the severest punishment on any youngster they may catch throwing a pebble at one of their sacred birds!

One day I caught sight of a large ivory-white gull of an unknown species sitting on the water some distance from the shore, and was very anxious to see more of this bird. Two or three days later I was with an artist friend in his studio, and was standing at the window which looks upon a sandy cove at the back of the town. By and by a wave of the incoming tide threw up a dead dogfish about three feet long on the white sand within fifty yards of the window. Scarcely was the fish left by the retiring water before a big white-winged gull dropped down upon it--the very bird I had been hoping to encounter again! There it remained, trying to tear a hole in the tough skin, fully five minutes before the returning water took the fish away, so that I had a good chance of

examining it through a binocular. It was considerably bigger than the herring gull, with a much more formidable beak and altogether a bolder appearance, and the entire plumage was of a chalky white. It was a Glaucous gull--the famous Burgomaster of the Arctic Sea, probably a female in immature plumage. In a few moments other gulls dropped down to get a bite--three herring and one black-backed gull with some smaller gulls--but they were not allowed to taste the fish. When one attempted to come near it the white gull looked fixedly at him a couple of moments, then drawing in its head suddenly tipped its beak upwards--an expressive gull gesture corresponding to the snarl of a dog when he is feeding and other dogs approach him. It produced a marked effect on the other gulls; perhaps the Burgomaster, a rare visitor to our seas, was known, from hearsay, to them as a great tyrant.

Talking of this noble stranger to one of the fishermen, I remarked that if a bird collector happened to be about he would certainly have that bird even if compelled to fire into the whole crowd of gulls to kill it. "Then," he returned, "perhaps our men would kill him!"

The curious point is that this feeling should exist and be so strong in a people who have little or no regard for birds generally. The most religious of men, they are at the same time the least humane. The gull they tell you is the fisherman's friend; but other sea-birds, which he kills without compunction--the gannet, for instance--are useful to him in the same way as the gull. They also say that the gulls keep the harbour sweet and clean; an explanation probably invented for them by some stranger within their gates. The fact is, they cherish an affection for the gulls, though they refuse to confess it, and, being what they are by race, this feeling has acquired the character of a superstition. To injure a gull wilfully is to invite disaster. It may be that the origin of the feeling is simply the fact that gulls gather in vociferous crowds round the boats and in the harbour when the fishing has prospered, and in this way become associated in the fisherman's mind with all those agreeable ideas or images and emotions connected with a good catch--smiles and cheerful words of greeting in the home, with food in abundance, money for the rent and for needed clothes and other good things for the little ones.

On the other hand we may have here a survival of an older superstition, a notion that gulls are in some degree supernatural beings, perhaps drowned mariners and fishermen returned in bird forms to haunt their ancient homes and associate with their human fellow-creatures. The feeling is certainly very strong: I was told that some of the fishermen even in their times of greatest scarcity will always manage at mealtime to put a few crusts and scraps of food into their pockets to throw to the gulls in the harbour.

From all this it might appear that the gulls at St. Ives are having an exceedingly good time, but they are not wholly happy--not happy every

day, as they very soon let me know. The fishermen, like the Cornish people generally, are strict Sabbatarians, and from Friday night or Saturday morning, when the boats come in, they do not go out again until the following Monday evening. In a neighbouring fishing village the boats are taken out at the stroke of twelve on Sunday night. The St. Ives men do not like to run it so fine, and the gulls are never able to understand this long break in the fishing. On the Saturday, after feeding, they retire to the sea and the rocks, where they pass the day comfortably enough, sitting with beaks to the wind and digesting a plentiful meal. On Sunday morning they congregate in the harbour with empty stomachs only to find the boats lying empty and idle and all the men away; they do not like it, but they put up with it, and by and by loiter off to pick up what they can for themselves, or to wait patiently on the sea and the rocks, through another long twenty-four hours. On Monday morning they are very hungry indeed, and come in with stomachs that scream for food. They come in their thousands, and still nothing for them--the boats lying empty and idle, the men still at home in bed and no movement in the harbour! They cannot and they will not endure it. Then begins a tremendous demonstration of the unemployed. On my first Monday I was roused from slumber before daylight by the uproar. It was not now that tempest and tangle of broken, squealing and grinding metallic noises emitted by the big gulls when they are in numbers fighting over their food, it was the loud long wailing call of the bird, incessantly repeated, a thousand wailing like one, and at intervals the dreary laughter-like chorus of short reiterated cries; then again the insistent wailing calls. When it became light they could be seen as a white cloud hanging over the harbour, the birds moving round and round over the idle boats in endless procession, and this went on for about an hour, when, finding that nothing came of it all, they went sadly away.

On yet another morning I was awakened before daylight, but this was a happy occasion, the boats having come in during the small hours laden with the biggest catch of the season. The noise of the birds made me get up and dress in a hurry to go and find out what it was all about. For an hour and a half I stood at the end of the little stone pier watching the cloud and whirlwind of vociferous birds, and should have remained longer but for a singular accident--a little gull tragedy--which brought a sudden end to the feast. The men in fifty boats while occupied in disengaging the fish from the nets were continually throwing the small useless fishes away, and these, falling all round in the water, brought down a perpetual rush and rain of gulls from overhead; everywhere they were frantically struggling on the water, while every bird rising with a fish in his beak was instantly swooped down upon and chased by the others. Now one of the excited birds while rushing down by chance struck a rope or spar and fell into the water at the side of a boat, about forty yards from where I was standing. It was a herring gull in mature plumage, and its wing was broken. The bird could not understand this; it made frantic efforts to rise, but the whole force exerted being in one wing merely caused it to spin rapidly round and round. These struggles

eventually caused the shattered bone to break through the skin; the blood began to flow and redden the plumage on one side. This was again and again washed off in the succeeding struggles to rise, but every time a pause came the feathers were reddened afresh. At length the poor thing became convinced that it could no longer fly, that it could only swim, and at once ceasing to struggle it swam away from the boats and out towards the open bay. Hardly had it gone a dozen yards from the boat-side where it had fallen before some of the gulls flying near observed it for the first time, and dropping to within three or four yards of the surface hovered over it. Then a strange thing happened. Instantly, as if a shot had been fired to silence them, the uproar in the harbour ceased; the hundreds of gulls fighting on the water rose up simultaneously to join the cloud of birds above, and the whole concourse moved silently away in one direction, forming a dense crowd above the wounded bird. In this formation, suspended at a height of about thirty yards over and moving with him, they travelled slowly out into the middle of the bay.

The silence and stillness in the harbour seemed strange after that tempest of noise and motion, for not a bird had remained behind, nor did one return for at least half an hour; then in small companies they began to straggle back to resume the interrupted feast.

(from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of The Land's End, by W. H. Hudson)

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## THE FLOWER BORDER IN JULY

Towards the end of July the large flower border begins to show its scheme. Until then, although it has been well filled with growing plants, there has been no attempt to show its whole intention. But now this is becoming apparent. The two ends, as already described, are of grey foliage, with, at the near end, flowers of pale blue, white and lightest yellow. The tall spikes of pale blue Delphinium are over, and now there are the graceful grey-blue flowers of *Campanula lactiflora* that stand just in front of the great Larkspurs. At the back is a white Everlasting Pea, four years planted and now growing tall and strong. The overblown flowers of the Delphinium have been removed, but their stems have been left just the right height for supporting the growth of the white Pea, which is now trained over them and comes forward to meet the pale blue-white Campanula. In front of this there is a drift of Rue giving a beautiful effect of dim grey colour and softened shadow; it is crowned by its spreading corymbs of pale yellow bloom that all rise nearly to a level. Again in front is the grand glaucous foliage of Sea Kale. A little further along, and towards the back, is a bush of Golden Privet, taking up and continuing the pale yellow of the Rue blossom, and forming a kind of groundwork to a group of the fine Mullein *Verbascum phlomoides* now fully out. Just below this is a clump of the Double Meadowsweet, a mass of warm white flower-foam. Intergrouped are tall Snapdragons, white and palest yellow. Then forward are the pale blue-green sword-blades of *Iris pallida dalmatica* that flowered in June. This is one of the few Irises admitted to the border, but it is here because it has the quality, rare among its kind, of maintaining its great leaves in beauty to near the end of the year. Quite to the front are lower growing plants of purest blue--the Cape Daisy (*Agathea cœlestis*) and blue Lobelia.

Now we pass to a rather large group of *Eryngium oliverianum*, the fine kind that is commonly but wrongly called *E. amethystinum*. It is a deep-rooting perennial that takes three to four years to become strongly established. In front of this are some pale and darker blue Spiderworts (*Tradescantia virginica*), showing best in cloudy weather. At the back is *Thalictrum flavum*, whose bloom is a little overpast, though it still shows some of its foamy-feathery pale yellow. Next we come to stronger yellows, with a middle mass of a good home-grown form of *Coreopsis lanceolata*. This is fronted by a stretch of *Helenium pumilum*. Behind the Coreopsis are *Achillea* *Eupatorium* and yellow Cannas.

Now the colour strengthens with the Scarlet Balm or Bergamot, intergrouped with *Senecio artemisiæfolius*, a plant little known but excellent in the flower border. A few belated Orange Lilies have their colour nearly repeated by the Gazanias next to the path. The strong

colour is now carried on by *Lychnis Chalcedonica*, scarlet *Salvia*, *Lychnis haageana* (a fine plant that is much neglected), and some of the dwarf *Tropæolums* of brightest scarlet. After this we gradually return to the grey-blues, whites and pale yellows, with another large patch of *Eryngium oliverianum*, white Everlasting Pea, *Calceolaria*, and the splendid leaf-mass of a wide and high plant of *Euphorbia Wulfenii*, which, with the accompanying *Yuccas*, rises to a height far above my head. Passing between a clump of *Yuccas* on either side is the cross-walk leading by an arched gateway through the wall. The border beyond this is a shorter length, and has a whole ground of grey foliage--*Stachys*, *Santolina*, *Elymus*, *Cineraria maritima*, and Sea Kale. Then another group of *Rue*, with grey-blue foliage and pale yellow bloom, shows near the extreme end against the full green of the young summer foliage of the Yew arbour that comes at the end of the border. Again at this end is the tall *Campanula lactiflora*. In the nearer middle a large mass of purple *Clematis* is trained upon stiff, branching spray, and is beginning to show its splendid colour, while behind, and looking their best in the subdued light of the cloudy morning on which these notes are written, are some plants of *Verbascum phlomoides*, ten feet high, showing a great cloud of pure pale yellow. They owe their vigour to being self-sown seedlings, never transplanted. Instead of having merely a blooming spike, as is the usual way of those that are planted, these have abundant side branches. They dislike bright sunshine, only expanding fully in shade or when the day is cloudy and inclined to be rainy. Close to them, rising to the wall's whole eleven feet of height, is a *Cistus cyprius*, bearing a quantity of large white bloom with a deep red spot at the base of each petal.

Though there is as yet but little bloom in this end of the border the picture is complete and satisfying. Each one of the few flower-groups tells to the utmost, while the intervening masses of leafage are in themselves beautiful and have the effect of being relatively well disposed. There is also such rich promise of flower-beauty to come that the mind is filled with glad anticipation, besides feeling content for the time being with what it has before it. There is one item of colouring that strikes the trained eye as specially delightful. It is a bushy mass of *Clematis recta*, now out of bloom. It occurs between the overhanging purple *Clematis* and the nearer groups of *Cineraria maritima* and *Santolina*. The leaves are much deeper in tone than these and have a leaden sort of blueness, but the colouring, both of the parts in light and even more of the mysterious shadows, is in the highest degree satisfactory and makes me long for the appreciative presence of the rare few friends who are artists both on canvas and in their gardens, and most of all for that of one who is now dead<sup>[1]</sup> but to whom I owe, with deepest thankfulness, a precious memory of forty years of helpful and sympathetic guidance and encouragement in the observation and study of colour-beauty.

[1] The late H. B. Brabazon.



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One cannot write of the garden in July without a word of the Roses. Besides the bushy garden Roses, and the kinds of special charm, such as Damask, Provence, Moss and China, those that most nearly concern the garden for beauty and pictorial effect are the rambling and climbing Roses that flower in clusters.

In "Roses for English Gardens" I dealt at some length with the many ways of using them; here I must only touch upon one or two of these ways. But I wish to remind my readers of the great value of these free Roses for running up through such trees as Yews or Hollies in regions where garden joins hands with woodland, and also of their great usefulness for forming lines of arch and garland as an enclosure to some definite space. I have them like this forming the boundary on two sides of a garden of long beds, whose other two sides are a seven-foot wall and the back of a stable and loft. Just beyond the arch in the picture (p. 60), and dividing the little garden in two, is the short piece of double border that is devoted to August.

The other long beds in this region are for special combinations, some of them of July flowers. Orange Lilies are with the beautiful *Clematis recta*, a plant but little known though it is easy to grow and is one of the best of summer flowers. One bed is for blue colouring with grey foliage. Here is the lovely *Delphinium Belladonna*, with flowers of a blue purer than that of any others of its beautiful kind. It never grows tall, nor has it the strong, robust aspect of the larger ones, but what it lacks in vigour is more than made up for by the charming refinement of the whole plant. In the same bed are the other pure blues of the rare double *Siberian Larkspur*, and the single allied kind *Delphinium grandiflorum*, of *Salvia patens* and of the Cape Daisy *Agatheae coelestis*. Between the clumps of *Belladonna* are bushes of white *Lavender*, and the whole is carpeted and edged with the white foliage of *Artemisia stelleriana*, the quite hardy plant that is such a good substitute for the tenderer *Cineraria maritima*.

Among the best flowers of July that have a place in this garden are the *Pentstemons* planted last year. We grow them afresh from cuttings every autumn, planting them out in April. They are not quite hardy, and a bad winter may destroy all the last year's plants. But if these can be saved they bloom in July, whereas those planted in the spring of the year do not flower till later. So we protect the older plants with fir-boughs and generally succeed in saving them. Old plants of *Snapdragon* are also now in flower. They too are a little tender in the open, although they are safe in dry-walling with the roots out of the way of frost and the crowns kept dry among the stones.

Much use is made of a dwarf kind of *Lavender*, that is also among

the best of the July flowers. The whole size of the plant is about one-third that of the ordinary kind; the flowers are darker in colour and the time of blooming a good month earlier. It has a different use in gardening, as the flowers, being more crowded and of a deeper tint, make a distinct colour-effect. Besides its border use it is a plant for dry banks, tops of rock-work and dry-walling.

(from: Project Gutenberg's Colour in the flower garden, by Gertrude Jekyll)

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## WOODS AND THICKETS IN SUMMER

A large number of the flowers that grow in woods bloom early in the spring, before the buds of the trees have expanded, or, at least, before the foliage is sufficiently dense to cover the ground with its shadow. Some, however, are not so dependent on the direct rays of the sun, but thrive even better in the shaded, moist atmosphere of wooded ground. Others there are which seem grateful for the warm rays of the summer sun, but grow to their greatest luxuriance in the moist and partially-shaded ground of underwood and thicket, trusting to the rigidity of their own erect stems, or to the climbing habit which they have acquired, to bring their leaves and blossoms in full view of the sun during some part of the day.

Plants such as these are selected for description in this chapter; and although we may speak of their flowers as the summer blossoms of woods, thickets and copses, we must be prepared to meet with several of them outside these habitats, particularly in damp places that are more or less protected from the heat of the sun.

Our first in this series is the Lime Tree (*Tilia europæa*) of the order *Tiliaceæ*, which grows wild in many of our woods, but has been planted to such an extent that it may be found in almost every cultivated district except in the extreme North. Its leaves are stalked, alternate, heart-shaped or broadly ovate, very pointed, serrate, smooth above, and slightly downy below. The flowers, which appear during June and July, are of a pale yellowish green colour, and are arranged in cymes, on axillary, drooping peduncles that are attached for nearly half their length to a long, leafy bract. There are five sepals, which fall early; five petals; and many stamens that are united at their bases into clusters. The blossoms have a very sweet scent, and produce such an abundance of nectar that they are very attractive to bees and other insects. The fruit is a woody nut, globular or more or less angled, five-celled, with two seeds in each cell.

A small-leaved variety, sometimes regarded as a distinct species (*Tilia parvifolia*), has a thin, angular fruit; and another, known as *Tilia grandifolia*, has very large, broad leaves, downy on both sides, and a downy fruit with from three to five prominent ribs.

Several species of St. John's-wort (order *Hypericaceæ*) grow in thickets and other wooded spots. They vary considerably in size, as well as in general appearance, but all agree in the following features: Their leaves are opposite, entire, without stipules, and either sessile or very shortly stalked. The flowers are regular, with five sepals; five petals, often oblique at the tip; numerous stamens, united or clustered into three or five sets; and a superior ovary that ripens to a capsule

with many seeds. No less than four species of the genus (*Hypericum*) come within the province of the present chapter. They are:--

1. The Tutsan (*H. Androsæmum*).--An erect, shrubby plant, from one to three feet high, flowering from June to August, common in the thickets of most of the western and southern counties of Britain. It has several erect, slightly-flattened stems; and large, blunt, ovate leaves, two or three inches long, with very small, transparent dots that are easily seen when the leaves are held up to the light. The flowers are yellow, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and form a compact, terminal corymb. The sepals are broad, about a third of an inch long; the petals a little longer, and oblique; and the stamens are in five sets, connected at the base.
2. The Large-flowered St. John's-Wort or Rose of Sharon (*H. calycinum*).--A shrubby plant, from ten to eighteen inches high, with a creeping, woody stock, flowering from July to September. It is not indigenous, but has been largely introduced into parks and gardens, and now grows wild in many parts. This species may be distinguished from all other members of the genus by its large, yellow flowers, from one and a half to three inches in diameter.
3. The Common St. John's-Wort (*H. perforatum*).--A very common plant in woods and thickets, growing from one to two feet high, and flowering from July to September. It has short, underground stems, or barren shoots that lie on the ground and root at the nodes, in addition to the erect, flowering stems, which are either round or two-edged, and branched towards the top. The leaves are half an inch long, with opaque veins, many transparent dots, and sometimes a few black dots on the under side. The yellow flowers form a terminal corymb. Their sepals are narrow, about half the length of the petals. The stamens are in three sets, united at the base; and both petals and anthers are marked with black dots.
4. The Hairy St. John's-Wort (*H. hirsutum*).--A stiff, erect plant, from one to three feet high, common in the woods and thickets of most parts of Britain, flowering in July and August. The stem is round, and clothed with soft hairs. The leaves are ovate, oblong or elliptical, tapering at the base into a short stalk, about an inch long, with many transparent dots, and downy along the veins on the under side. The sepals are narrow, acute, about half the length of the yellow petals, and fringed with stalked glands. The stamens are in three sets.

The Wood Crane's-bill (*Geranium sylvaticum*--order *Geraniaceæ*), one of the most handsome of our Wild Geraniums, is not found in the South, but is moderately common in parts of North Britain, including North Ireland. Its stem is erect, from one to two feet high, and branched towards the top. In general form the leaves are heart-shaped or shield-shaped, but they are very deeply divided into five or seven

radiating, cut, and toothed lobes. The lower ones are on long stalks; but the upper are shortly stalked or sessile, and less divided. The flowers are of a bluish-purple or rose colour, about an inch in diameter, arranged in a loose panicle with two flowers on each pedicel. The five sepals are about half the length of the petals, and terminate in a very fine point; and the petals are obovate and slightly notched. The plant flowers during June and July.

Passing now to the order Leguminosæ we note first the Dyer's Green-weed (Genista tinctoria)--a shrubby plant, common in the thickets and bushy places of South Britain, flowering from July to September. The stem is woody and stiff, but green; its base rests on the ground, but it sends up erect flowering branches from one to two feet high. The yellow flowers are arranged in terminal racemes, each flower having a lanceolate bract at the base of its short stalk, and very small bracts at the base of the calyx. The calyx has five teeth, the three lower ones much narrower than the other two, all terminating in a sharp point; the corolla is much longer than the calyx, with an oblong standard or upper petal; the stamens are all united by their filaments, forming a complete sheath round the ovary; and the pods are smooth, about an inch long, and compressed.

In the thickets of most parts of Britain, but more especially those of the eastern counties, we may often meet with the Sweet Milk Vetch (Astragalus glycyphyllos) of the same order. It is a prostrate plant, with pale yellow or cream-coloured flowers that bloom from June to August. The flowers are about half an inch long, in short, dense, shortly-stalked racemes. The calyx has five teeth; the upper stamen is free from the other nine, which form a divided sheath round the ovary; and the pod is smooth, round, curved, over an inch long, and divided by a double membrane into two cells, each of which contains about seven seeds.

In the same order are two species of Everlasting Pea (Lathyrus), both of which grow in thickets and other bushy places. One is the Tuberous Everlasting Pea or Tuberous Bitter Vetch (L. macrorrhizus), an erect plant, from six inches to a foot in height, flowering from May to July. Its rootstock has small tubers, and the stem is winged. The leaves are pinnate, with from two to four pairs of narrow leaflets and half arrow-shaped stipules; they have no tendrils, but the leafstalk terminates in a fine point. The flowers are of a red-purple colour, changing to greenish blue as they fade; and are in loose racemes of from two to four.

The other is the Narrow-leaved Everlasting Pea (L. sylvestris), a straggling plant, from two to six feet long, flowering from June to August. It is not so common as the last, but may be found in similar situations. Its stem has very narrow wings; and the leaves have very narrow leaflets, flattened stalks, branched tendrils, and half

arrow-shaped stipules. The flowers are rather large, of a pale purple colour, with a greenish keel, and a green spot on the large upper petal. They are arranged in loose racemes.

The Wild Raspberry (*Rubus Idæus* --order *Rosaceæ*) is to be found in the woods and thickets of most parts of Britain. It may be easily distinguished from other species of its genus by the following description:--Rootstock creeping, with many suckers. Stems round, erect, with a soft down and numerous weak prickles. Leaves pinnate, with three or five ovate, pointed, toothed leaflets, pale green above, and white and hoary beneath. Stipules small, very narrow and pointed, usually attached part way up to the leafstalk. Flowers white, in long, terminal, drooping panicles. Calyx five-lobed; petals five, short and narrow; stamens numerous; and fruit consisting of a globular cluster of red or yellow, hoary, one-seeded, succulent carpels which usually separate from the conical receptacle when ripe. The bush grows from three to five feet high, and flowers from June to August.

Two species of Willow Herb (order *Onagraceæ*) grow in copses and thickets, and are easily recognised by their rose-coloured flowers with very long, inferior ovaries. One is the beautiful French Willow or Rose Bay Willow Herb (*Epilobium angustifolium*), an erect plant, varying from two to six feet in height, widely distributed, though not very common, flowering during July and August. Its leaves are alternate, narrow-elliptical, entire or with very small teeth, and very shortly stalked. The flowers are about an inch in diameter, numerous, forming a very long, loose, terminal, tapering raceme, with a narrow bract at the base of each pedicel. The calyx is tubular, four-cleft, attached to the top of the long ovary; the corolla consists of four entire, nearly equal, spreading petals; the stamens, eight in number, all bend downwards; and the stigma is deeply divided into four lobes, on a long style which also bends downward. The fruit is a four-celled capsule, two or three inches long, which splits when ripe, its valves curling downwards and exposing numerous minute seeds, each of which has a silky tuft of fine hairs that enables it to be dispersed by the wind. The plant is most frequently seen in damp copses, and among the undergrowth of damp woods.

The second species is the Pale Smooth-leaved Willow Herb (*E. roseum*), an erect plant, seldom more than two feet high, found principally in the damp copses of the southern counties, flowering in July and August. Its stem is four-angled, two opposite angles being much more prominent than the other two; and its leaves are opposite, with longer stalks, lanceolate or elliptical, pointed, toothed, smooth, usually about two inches long. The flowers are not nearly so numerous as those of the last species, are only a little over a third of an inch in diameter, and in a short, leafy panicle, drooping while in the bud. The calyx is deeply divided into four sepals about a sixth of an inch long; the corolla consists of four notched petals, a little longer than the sepals; the

stamens, ovary, fruit, and seeds correspond in number and character with those of the last species; but the stigma is either entire or divided into four very short lobes.

In the same order we have the Enchanter's Nightshade (*Circæa lutetiana*), distinguished at once from the Willow Herbs by having only two sepals, two petals, and two stamens. It is an erect, hairy plant, from one to two feet high, flowering from June to August. Its stem is slender; and the leaves are opposite, long-stalked, ovate and coarsely toothed. The flowers are very small, white, in terminal, leafless racemes, with deeply-notched petals, and pink stamens. The fruit is a little two-lobed capsule with stiff, hooked hairs.

The Cornel or Dogwood (*Cornus sanguinea*), of the order *Cornaceæ*, is a common shrub in woods and thickets, and is often employed in the making of hedgerows. It grows from five to eight feet high, and flowers during June and July. Its leaves are covered, when young, with fine, silky hairs that lie close on the surface, but these almost entirely disappear later; and towards the end of the summer the leaves assume a deep crimson or purple colour. The flowers are very abundant, of a yellowish white colour, and are arranged in dense cymes, about two inches across, without bracts. The four-toothed calyx and the peduncle are both clothed with a mealy down; and the four petals, about a quarter of an inch long, are narrow and pointed. The fruit is a purple-black, globular, berry-like drupe, containing a stone with one or two seeds.

In very dense woods, where the light is so much reduced that but few flowers will grow, we may generally find the Wood Sanicle (*Sanicula europæa*), a smooth umbelliferous plant with a short, hard rootstock, and a simple stem from one to two feet high. The leaves, which are all radical, are on long stalks, and are palmately divided into three or five shining lobes that are themselves cut and sharply toothed. The flowers are sessile, in little rounded heads; the whole inflorescence forming an irregular umbel or a loose panicle. They are very minute, of a pinkish white colour; and the outer ones of each head usually have no pistil. They bloom during June and July, and are followed later by little prickly fruits about a sixth of an inch long.

In damp woods we commonly meet with the tall, stout, branching Angelica (*Angelica sylvestris*) of the same order (*Umbelliferæ*), with a thick, furrowed stem, two to four feet high, downy above, and usually more or less shaded with purple. Its lower leaves are very large, with stalked, ovate leaflets, from one to two inches long, often three-lobed, and always sharply toothed. The upper leaves are much smaller, with fewer leaflets, and often consist only of a broad sheath with a few small leaflets at its summit. The flowers are white, generally tinged with pink, and form a large terminal umbel of from sixteen to forty rays, with two or three narrow primary bracts, and several fine secondary ones. They bloom during July and August, and are succeeded by flattened

fruits with three ribs on the back of each of the two carpels. The carpels are also broadly winged; and, as the wings do not adhere, each fruit is surrounded by a double wing.

The order *Caprifoliaceæ* includes the Common Elder (*Sambucus nigra*), the white or cream-coloured flowers of which are so conspicuous in our woods and hedgerows in June. This tree grows to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, and its young branches are remarkable for the large quantity of pith they contain. The general form of the leaves and the arrangement of the flowers are seen in our illustration. Each flower has a calyx with five small teeth; a corolla with a short tube and five spreading limbs; five stamens attached to the base of the corolla; and an inferior ovary. The fruit is a black, berry-like drupe containing (usually) eight little, seedlike stones.

The Guelder Rose or Water Elder (*Viburnum Opulus*), of the same order, is a flowering shrub, usually six or eight feet high, moderately common in moist woods and copses, especially in the South, bearing showy cymes of white blossoms in June and July. The cymes are flat-topped, consisting of numerous flowers, the outer of which are much larger, often nearly an inch in diameter, but without stamens or styles, while the others are perfect, with five stamens and three sessile styles. The fruit is a blackish-red, almost globular, slightly-flattened berry, containing a single seed. The cultivated variety of this shrub, known as the Snowball Tree, has large, globular cymes of flowers, all of which are large and barren.

The Great Valerian or All-heal (*Valeriana officinalis* --order *Valerianaceæ*) is moderately common in moist woods, and is rather widely distributed. It is an erect plant, from two to four feet high, flowering from June to August. There seems to be two distinct varieties of this plant, one with from four to six pairs of leaflets, and the other with from six to ten pairs, in addition to the terminal leaflet in each case. The flowers are small, flesh-coloured or nearly white, in terminal and axillary corymbs. The little inferior ovary is surmounted by a calyx which is compactly rolled in at first, but which expands into a spreading, feathery pappus as the fruit ripens. The corolla is tubular, with five short, equal, spreading lobes. It is not spurred as in the case of the Red Valerian (p. 302), but the base of the tube is pouched on one side. This plant is shown on Plate II, Fig. 1.

We have now to note some composite flowers (order *Compositæ*) of wooded and shaded ground. Of these we will first take the Blunt-leaved or Succory-leaved Hawk's-beard (*Crepis succisæfolia* or *C. hieracoides*), which is moderately common in the woods of North England and Scotland, but does not occur in the South. It is an erect plant, varying from one to three feet in height, smooth or slightly hairy, flowering during July and August. The fruits (achenes) are marked by many fine, longitudinal



ridges, and are surmounted by a dense pappus of soft, white hairs which are a little longer than the fruits themselves. This flower is represented in Plate II, Fig. 3.

In the woods and thickets of nearly all parts of Britain we may see the Saw-wort (*Serratula tinctoria*), a stiff, erect, smooth plant, from one to three feet high, flowering in August and September. The flower-heads are purple or crimson, forming a loose, terminal corymb; and the florets, all of which are tubular, are imperfect, the males and females being generally on different plants. The involucre is oblong in form, more than half an inch long, consisting of many pointed, closely-placed bracts, of which the inner are usually tipped with red; and that of the male heads is somewhat broader than the involucre of the females. The pappus consists of a tuft of simple hairs, most of which are longer than the achene.

The Golden Rod (*Solidago Virga-aurea*) is another abundant flower, found in dry woods and thickets in all parts. It is a tufted plant, with stiff, erect, angular, slightly-branched stems, varying from six inches to two feet in height; and narrow-elliptical leaves, entire or slightly toothed, the lower ones stalked. The flowers are very numerous, of a bright golden yellow-colour, forming a dense, terminal panicle. The heads are not large, and each consists of about twenty tubular disc-florets; half the number of strap-shaped ray-florets; and an involucre of many overlapping bracts. The pappus consists of many simple hairs. This species flowers from July to September.

Two species of Leopard's Bane (*Doronicum*) are occasionally to be seen in damp woods and thickets, especially near villages. They are not indigenous, only occurring as escapes from gardens, but they have now become well established as wild flowers in many parts of Britain. Both are tall, erect plants, from two to three feet high, with large yellow heads surrounded by two or three rows of narrow, acute bracts. Except in colour the heads much resemble the Ox-eye Daisy. In both species the achenes of the ray have no pappus, but those of the disc have a pappus of stiff hairs in several rows. They flower from May to July.

The Great Leopard's Bane (*D. Pardalianches*) has a creeping rootstock and a hollow stem. Its radical leaves are broadly heart-shaped, slightly toothed, on long stalks; and the stem leaves are narrower, entire or toothed, the upper ones small, sessile, embracing the stem; and the lower ones stalked, with a broad expansion at the base of the stalk which clasps the stem. The heads are usually three or four in number, on long leafless peduncles.

The other species, the Plantain-leaved Leopard's Bane (*D. plantagineum*), has, as its name denotes, leaves similar to those of the Plantain. It usually has solitary flower-heads, and is represented on Plate I.

Passing now to the favourite Bell-flowers (Order Campanulaceæ), we have to notice four species that are to be found in woods and other shady spots during the summer months. The features common to the four species are:--Leaves alternate. Calyx adhering to the ovary, with a border of five lobes or teeth. Corolla bell-shaped, with five lobes. Stamens five, attached to the corolla by the broad bases of the filaments. Ovary inferior, ripening to a capsule that opens by longitudinal clefts. The species referred to are:

1. The Giant Bell-flower (Campanula latifolia). A stout plant, from three to five feet high; with an unbranched, leafy stem; and a leafy raceme of large, deep blue or white flowers that bloom in July and August. Its leaves are large, ovate to lanceolate, acute, doubly serrate, the lower ones stalked and the upper sessile. Each axillary peduncle bears only one flower, the calyx of which has long, narrow segments, and the corolla is hairy within. The capsule is short, opening by slits near the base. This flower is found principally in the North.
2. The Creeping Bell-flower (C. Rapunculoides).--A downy plant, with a creeping rootstock; an erect, simple or slightly-branched stem from one to two feet high; and a one-sided raceme of drooping, deep blue flowers that appear in July and August. The leaves are rough and doubly toothed, the lower ones stalked and heart-shaped, and the upper narrow and sessile. The segments of the calyx are long and narrow, and the capsule is globular, opening by small slits near the base. This species is widely distributed, but not very common.
3. The Nettle-leaved Bell-flower (C. Trachelium).--A very rough plant, with an angled stem, from one to three feet high, bearing a leafy raceme of large blue flowers from July to October. Its leaves are much like those of the Stinging Nettle, being very rough, bristly, and coarsely toothed. The segments of the calyx are rather broad, and very rough with stiff hairs. This species is very abundant in some localities, and is widely distributed. (See Plate II, Fig. 4.)
4. The Ivy-leaved Bell-flower (C. hederacea).--A pretty little creeping plant that grows in moist woods, flowering during July and August. It is very widely distributed, and is a common flower in many parts of Great Britain, more especially in the southern counties. Its prostrate stem is very slender; and the leaves are small, stalked, very broad, and palmately divided into angular lobes. The flowers are of a pale blue colour, solitary on long, threadlike peduncles; and the capsule is globular, opening by three valves at the top.

From May to August is the best season to study the Holly (Ilex aquifolium--order Aquifoliaceæ). We are all acquainted with this tree in its winter condition, with its bright red or yellow 'berries,' but during the months above named the less familiar flowers are in bloom.

The tree is common in the woods of all parts of Britain, and is easily distinguished at all times by its smooth, grey bark, as well as by its thick, glossy, spiny, evergreen leaves, which are placed alternately on the branches, attached by very short stalks. As a rule the leaves have waved margins, and are armed with several very strong spines; but commonly the spines of the upper leaves are much fewer, and are sometimes reduced to a single one at the apex. The little white flowers form dense clusters in the axils of the leaves. Generally they contain both stamens and pistil, but often they are imperfect, the pistillate flowers predominating on some trees and the staminate ones on others. Their parts are arranged in fours, the calyx having four small teeth, and the corolla four spreading lobes, while four stamens are attached to the latter, and the ovary has the same number of cells, and the style terminates in an equal number of small stigmas. The fruits are not really berries, but little, poisonous drupes containing four one-seeded stones.

The Privet (*Ligustrum vulgare*), which forms, together with the Ash, the whole of the order *Oleaceæ*, as far as British species are concerned, is very common in the southern counties, where it is often an escape from gardens, the bush being so largely employed in the formation of hedges; but it is truly wild, and very plentiful on the chalky soils of the south and east of England. Except during very severe winters the old leaves remain until the early spring leaves are well formed, so that the bush is always green. The flowers are white, with a very characteristic odour, and are arranged in dense, terminal, conical panicles. The calyx forms a little cup with four teeth, but soon falls; and the corolla is funnel-shaped, with four spreading lobes at the top of its tube. The stamens are short, attached to the corolla; and the superior ovary ripens to a black, globular berry containing two or four seeds. The bushes are in bloom during June and July.

Three species of Cow Wheat (*Melampyrum*) are to be found in copses and woods during the summer. They belong to the order *Scrophulariaceæ*; and, like other allied plants of this group, are partial parasites (See page 349), deriving a portion of their food from the roots of grasses by means of suckers. They have the following features in common:--Leaves opposite. Calyx tubular, with four narrow teeth. Corolla much longer than the calyx, consisting of a very long tube and two lips, the upper lip undivided, with its sides turned back, and the lower with three spreading lobes. A kind of 'palate' also closes the mouth of the tube. The fruit is an ovate capsule, containing from one to four seeds. The three species referred to are:--

1. The Common Cow Wheat (*M. pratense*).--A smooth, erect plant, from six to eighteen inches high, with spreading, opposite branches; and sessile, narrow leaves, often coarsely toothed at the base. The flowers are pale yellow, over half an inch long, arranged in pairs in the axils of the upper leaves, and all turned towards one side of the stem. The

corolla is three or four times the length of the calyx. This plant is very common in moist copses and thickets, and flowers from June to August.

2. The Crested Cow Wheat (*M. cristatum*).--A widely-distributed plant, found principally in the copses and thickets of the eastern and southern counties. Its stem is from six to twenty inches in height; and the leaves are very narrow, and generally entire except in the case of a few of the upper ones, which are slightly toothed at the base. The flowers are yellow, more or less variegated with purple, about half an inch long, and they closely overlap one another in a dense, four-sided spike over an inch in length. Under each flower is a broad, heart-shaped, strongly-toothed, rose-coloured bract. The plant blooms during July.

3. The Wood or Yellow Cow Wheat (*M. sylvaticum*), sometimes known as the Small-flowered Cow Wheat. This is a much rarer plant, and seems to be found only in the hilly woods of Scotland and North England. It is very much like the Common Cow Wheat, but its flowers are of a deep yellow colour, less than half an inch long, with entire bracts, and equal, open lips. The corolla is only twice the length of the calyx, and the lanceolate leaves are very seldom toothed.

The same order (*Scrophulariaceæ*) contains the handsome and favourite Foxglove (*Digitalis purpurea*), which grows abundantly in most dry woods and shady wastes, flowering from June to August. Its stout, unbranched stem varies from two to six feet in height, a large proportion being the axis of a long one-sided raceme of beautiful, drooping, purple or, occasionally, white flowers. The fruit is an ovate, pointed capsule that splits into two valves and contains many seeds. It is remarkable that this plant does not grow freely on chalk and limestone soils, yet it will often make a sudden appearance in great profusion as we pass over the edge of a calcareous district. The flower is shown on Plate II, Fig. 2.

Of the order *Labiatae* we shall note one species only, and that is the pretty Wood Betony (*Stachys Betonica*), a very common plant in the woods and thickets of the south of Britain. It is a hairy species, with a slender, simple or slightly-branched stem from one to two feet high; and deeply-crenate, oblong leaves. The lower leaves have long stalks, and are heart-shaped at the base; but those of the stem are narrower, sessile or shortly stalked, tapering at the base. The flowers, which bloom from June to August, vary much in colour, ranging from a deep purple or crimson to a rose-pink or (rarely) white; and they form a dense oblong, terminal spike, consisting of whorls of six or more, with a bract at the base of each calyx, and a pair of sessile leaves just below the lowest whorl. The calyx is ribbed, with five very sharp teeth; and the corolla, which is much longer than the sepals, has an erect, oval, upper lip, and a spreading, three-lobed, lower lip. The stamens are in two pairs, immediately under the upper lip; and the fruit

consists of four little rounded nuts.

In the dry woods of South Britain we occasionally meet with the Wood Scorpion-grass or Wood Forget-me-not (*Myosotis sylvatica*), of the order *Boraginaceæ*. This plant is very much like the favourite Water Forget-me-not, and has equally large flowers, but it is much more hairy. Its stem is erect, without runners; and the blue flowers form a one-sided raceme without bracts. As the flowers expand the stalk lengthens considerably, with the result that the fruits are very distant. Among other features by which we may distinguish between the Wood Forget-me-not and the commoner Water Forget-me-not we may mention that the corolla of the former is flatter; and the calyx, cleft to its base into narrow segments, is very rounded below, and covered with stiff, hooked bristles. The plant flowers from June to August.

We conclude this chapter with the names of four species of Grasses that are partial to wooded districts, and which flower during the summer months. They are the Millet Grass (*Milium effusum*), the Bearded Wheat (*Triticum caninum*), the Slender False Brome (*Brachypodium sylvaticum*), and the Hairy Brome Grass (*Bromus asper*). The first three of these are represented on pages 148 and 149, and the fourth is shown on Plate II.

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## CHAPTER II

"Were not summer's distillations left  
A liquid prisoner, pent in walls of glass,  
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was;  
But flowers distilled, though they with winter meet,  
Leese but their show, their substance still lives sweet."

SHAKSPEARE.

The extensive flower farms in the neighborhood of Nice, Grasse, Montpellier, and Cannes, in France, at Adrianople (Turkey in Asia), at Broussa and Uslak (Turkey in Asia), and at Mitcham, in England, in a measure indicate the commercial importance of that branch of chemistry called perfumery.

British India and Europe consume annually, at the very lowest estimate, 150,000 gallons of perfumed spirits, under various titles, such as eau de Cologne, essence of lavender, esprit de rose, &c. The art of perfumery does not, however, confine itself to the production of scents for the handkerchief and bath, but extends to imparting odor to inodorous bodies, such as soap, oil, starch, and grease, which are consumed at the toilette of fashion. Some idea of the commercial importance of this art may be formed, when we state that one of the large perfumers of Grasse and Paris employs annually 80,000 lbs. of orange flowers, 60,000 lbs. of cassia flowers, 54,000 lbs. of rose-leaves, 32,000 lbs. of jasmine blossoms, 32,000 lbs. of violets, 20,000 lbs. of tubereuse, 16,000 lbs. of lilac, besides rosemary, mint, lemon, citron, thyme, and other odorous plants in large proportion. In fact, the quantity of odoriferous substances used in this way is far beyond the conception of those even used to abstract statistics.

To the chemical philosopher, the study of perfumery opens a book as yet unread; for the practical perfumer, on his laboratory shelves, exhibits many rare essential oils, such as essential oil of the flower of the *Acacia farnesiana*, essential oil of violets, tubereuse, jasmine, and others, the compositions of which have yet to be determined.

The exquisite pleasure derived from smelling fragrant flowers would almost instinctively induce man to attempt to separate the odoriferous principle from them, so as to have the perfume when the season denies the flowers. Thus we find the alchemists of old, torturing the plants in every way their invention could devise for this end; and it is on their experiments that the whole art of perfumery has been reared. Without recapitulating those facts which may be found diffused through nearly all the old authors on medical botany, chemistry, pharmacy, and works of

this character, from the time of Paracelsus to Celnart, we may state at once the mode of operation adopted by the practical perfumer of the present day for preparing the various extracts or essences, waters, oils, pomades, &c., used in his calling.

The processes are divided into four distinct operations; viz.--

1. Expression; 2. Distillation; 3. Maceration; 4. Absorption.

1. Expression is only adopted where the plant is very prolific in its volatile or essential oil,-- i.e. its odor; such, for instance, as is found in the pellicle or outer peel of the orange, lemon, and citron, and a few others. In these cases, the parts of the plant containing the odoriferous principle are put sometimes in a cloth bag, and at others by themselves into a press, and by mere mechanical force it is squeezed out. The press is an iron vessel of immense strength, varying in size from six inches in diameter, and twelve deep, and upwards, to contain one hundred weight or more; it has a small aperture at the bottom to allow the expressed material to run for collection; in the interior is placed a perforated false bottom, and on this the substance to be squeezed is placed, covered with an iron plate fitting the interior; this is connected with a powerful screw, which, being turned, forces the substance so closely together, that the little vessels containing the essential oils are burst, and it thus escapes. The common tincture press is indeed a model of such an instrument. The oils which are thus collected are contaminated with watery extracts, which exudes at the same time, and from which it has to be separated; this it does by itself in a measure, by standing in a quiet place, and it is then poured off and strained.

2. Distillation.--The plant, or part of it, which contains the odoriferous principle, is placed in an iron, copper, or glass pan, varying in size from that capable of holding from one to twenty gallons, and covered with water; to the pan a dome-shaped lid is fitted, terminating with a pipe, which is twisted corkscrew fashion, and fixed in a bucket, with the end peeping out like a tap in a barrel. The water in the still--for such is the name of the apparatus--is made to boil; and having no other exit, the steam must pass through the coiled pipe; which, being surrounded with cold water in the bucket, condenses the vapor before it can arrive at the tap. With the steam, the volatile oils-- i.e. perfume--rises, and is liquefied at the same time. The liquids which thus run over, on standing for a time, separate into two portions, and are finally divided with a funnel having a stopcock in the narrow part of it. By this process, the majority of the volatile or essential oils are procured. In some few instances alcohol-- i.e. rectified spirit of wine--is placed upon the odorous materials in lieu of water, which, on being distilled, comes away with the perfuming substance dissolved in it. But this process is now nearly obsolete, as it is found more beneficial to draw the oil or essence first with water,

and afterwards to dissolve it in the spirit. The low temperature at which spirit boils, compared with water, causes a great loss of essential oil, the heat not being sufficient to disengage it from the plant, especially where seeds such as cloves or caraway are employed. It so happens, however, that the finest odors, the \_recherché\_ as the Parisians say, cannot be procured by this method; then recourse is had to the next process.

3. \_Maceration\_. --Of all the processes for procuring the perfumes of flowers, this is the most important to the perfumer, and is the least understood in England; as this operation yields not only the most exquisite essences indirectly, but also nearly all those fine pomades known here as "French pomatums," so much admired for the strength of fragrance, together with "French oils" equally perfumed. The operation is conducted thus:--For what is called pomade, a certain quantity of purified mutton or deer suet is put into a clean metal or porcelain pan, this being melted by a steam heat; the kind of flowers required for the odor wanted are carefully picked and put into the liquid fat, and allowed to remain from twelve to forty-eight hours; the fat has a particular affinity or attraction for the oil of flowers, and thus, as it were, draws it out of them, and becomes itself, by their aid, highly perfumed; the fat is strained from the spent flowers, and fresh are added four or five times over, till the pomade is of the required strength; these various strengths of pomatums are noted by the French makers as Nos. 6, 12, 18, and 24, the higher numerals indicating the amount of fragrance in them. For perfumed oils the same operation is followed; but, in lieu of suet, fine olive oil or oil of ben, derived from the ben nuts of the Levant, is used, and the same results are obtained. These oils are called "Huile Antique" of such and such a flower.

When neither of the foregoing processes gives satisfactory results, the method of procedure adopted is by,--

4. \_Absorption\_, or \_Enfleurage\_. --The odors of some flowers are so delicate and volatile, that the heat required in the previously named processes would greatly modify, if not entirely spoil them; this process is, therefore, conducted cold, thus:--Square frames, about three inches deep, with a glass bottom, say two feet wide and three feet long, are procured; over the glass a layer of fat is spread, about half an inch thick, with a kind of plaster knife or spatula; into this the flower buds are stuck, cup downwards, and ranged completely over it, and there left from twelve to seventy-two hours.

Some houses, such as that of Messrs. Pilar and Sons; Pascal Brothers; H. Herman, and a few others, have 3000 such frames at work during the season; as they are filled, they are piled one over the other, the flowers are changed so long as the plants continue to bloom, which now and then exceeds two or three months.



For oils of the same plants, coarse linen cloths are imbued with the finest olive oil or oil of ben, and stretched upon a frame made of iron; on these the flowers are laid and suffered to remain a few days. This operation is repeated several times, after which the cloths are subjected to great pressure, to remove the now perfumed oil.

As we cannot give any general rule for working, without misleading the reader, we prefer explaining the process required for each when we come to speak of the individual flower or plant.

(from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of The Art of Perfumery, by G. W. Septimus Piesse)

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## THE SIRE AND THE DAM.

The Arabs affirm that the best age for reproduction is from four to twelve years as regards the mare, and from six to fourteen as regards the horse. Exacting as concerns the mare, which must be of good descent, swift of foot, of good height, of sound constitution, and of a graceful form, they are still more difficult to please as concerns the horse.

"Choose him" say they, "and choose him again, for the offspring always resembles the sire rather than the dam." They do not object, however, to the horse being of shorter stature than the mare, provided he be of pure race and sound in wind and limb. They attach far more importance to bottom, speed, and sobriety than to that conventional type of beauty which is so seductive in our eyes. Thus a stallion, fat, sleek, rounded in all parts, and who owes the brilliancy of his form to high feeding, indolence of disposition, or inaction, excites their distrust in the highest degree. They will say of such an animal: "Let us not be in a hurry. Let us see him at work. There may possibly be nothing there but a lion's hide upon the back of a cow." But, on the other hand they esteem as a genuine sire a horse for long journeys, whose flesh is firm, whose ribs are bare, his limbs clean and his respiration powerful. He must also be endowed with a good temper, and have given proof of being able to bear great fatigue, privations, and hardships.

As to the mare, the case has been pending for centuries. Now as formerly the custom is to picture an Arab by the side of his mare. The gold of the purchaser glitters at his feet, but whilst this gold is being counted out the descendant of Ishmael casts a melancholy look on the noble animal from whom he cannot bring himself to separate. He springs upon her back and rushes far away into the desert: "The eye knoweth not where he has passed." Such is the orthodox representation; let us now see the truth as depicted by the Emir Abd-el-Kader:

The Arabs prefer mares to horses, it is true, but only for the three following reasons. The first is because they consider the profit to be derived from a mare as something very handsome, for it is well-known that as much as fifteen to twenty thousand \_douros\_ (from £3,000 to £4,000) have been received for the offspring of a single mare. Hence they may be often heard to exclaim: "The head of riches is a mare that produces a mare." And this idea gathers strength in their eyes from it having been said by our lord Mohammed, the messenger of Allah: "Give the preference to mares; their belly is a treasure, and their back a seat of honour. The greatest of blessings is an intelligent woman, or a prolific mare." These words are thus explained by commentators: "Their belly is a treasure," because a mare by means of her offspring increases the wealth of her master; and "their back is a seat of honour," because the pace of a mare is more easy and agreeable; some even going so far as to say that the easiness of her gait will after a time render her rider effeminate.

The second motive is that the mare does not neigh in time of war like the horse, and is less sensitive as to hunger, thirst, and heat, and is therefore of greater use to a people whose riches consist principally in flocks of camels and sheep. It is known to all, that camels and sheep do not really thrive except in the Sahara, where the ground is so arid that many Arabs, being unable to procure water more than once in eight or ten days, accustom themselves to drink nothing but milk. This is one of the consequences of the great distance that frequently, on account of the pasturage, divides the encampment from a spot where there are wells. The mare is like the serpent: her strength increases in the hot season and in torrid regions. A snake that lives in a cold country or in water has very little life or venom, so that its bite is rarely mortal; whereas a snake that lives in a hot country is full of life, and the virulence of its poison is intensified. Contrary to the horse who is less capable of supporting the heat of the sun, the mare, owing doubtless to her temperament, finds her vigour doubled in the hottest season.

The third and last motive is, the little attention required by the mare. She feeds on anything. Her owner leads or sends her to graze on the same herbage as the sheep and camels. There is no occasion to place a watchman in regular attendance. The horse, however, cannot dispense with being well kept, nor can his owner send him to the pasture without a \_saïs\_, or groom, to look after him.

Such are the true reasons for the preference which Arabs show for mares. This preference is not caused by an idea that the foal inherits from its dam more than from its sire, or that it is better on all occasions to ride a mare than a horse. But it rests partly on substantial benefits received, and partly on the necessities of the life which the Arabs habitually lead. It may be laid down, then, as a fact that the horse is more noble than the mare, and that the sire bequeaths to the foal more than the mare does, which the Arabs express by the saying: \_El mohor itebâ el Faâl\_, "the foal follows the stallion." I admit, however, that the best produce is that which proceeds from a sire and a dam both of pure race. In this case, it is gold allying itself with gold. I will add that the horse is stronger, of a higher courage and greater speed than the mare, and is free from the grave drawback attendant on the latter of stopping short under her rider, even in battle and at a time perhaps when everything depends on rapid movement.

There can be no doubt that the foal proceeds from the stallion and the mare. But the experience of ages demonstrates that the essential parts of the body, such as the bones, tendons, nerves, and veins follow after the sire. The mare may impart to her young the colour of her coat, a general resemblance, and something of her frame, but it is the stallion that transmits the strength of the bones, the vigour of the nerves, the solidity of the tendons, speed and all the other most important characteristics. He also communicates to his offspring his moral

qualities, and if he is really noble, preserves him from all vice, for the Arabs of old have said: "The noble horse has no malice."

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No sooner has the foal seen the light than one of the bystanders takes it in his arms, and walks up and down with it for some time in the midst of almost inconceivable noise and uproar. It is supposed that a useful lesson is thus taught for the future—the animal, accustomed from its birth to horrible sounds, will never afterwards be frightened at anything. This lesson finished, the master of the tent places the right dug of the mare in the foal's mouth, and exclaims: "In the name of Allah! Allah grant that the new-born (\_mezyoud\_) may bring us good fortune, health, and abundance!" The friends who are present answer all together: "Amen! May Allah bless thee! He has sent thee another child." [33]

To teach the foal to suck, a fig or a date soaked in milk slightly salted is put into his mouth. As soon as he has taken a liking to it and begins to suck it, he is placed under his dam. After two or three attempts he soon mistakes the dug for the fig or date he has just left, and the thing is done. After that he is carefully preserved from the night-cold. But it is also necessary to accustom him to drink camel's and ewe's milk. It is done in this manner. They take a goat's skin used several years for holding milk, and fill it with air. Then squeezing it gently, they blow up his nostrils a few times. By way of complement to this operation they crush dates in milk, which impart to it a sweetish flavour and then place the mixture close to the foal's mouth, forcing him every now and then to dip his lips into it. He begins by tasting and licking it and after a while drinks it, whether the dam gives him suck or not. Great importance is attached to teaching the foal to drink milk; first, because he can thus be left in the tent while the mare is again put to work; and secondly, because in after years, in default of water, he will be satisfied with milk instead, and also as food if barley runs short. Should the mare take an aversion to her young, she must be separated from him, and the latter must be brought up on camel's milk, as this is deemed preferable to the milk of the cow or the she-goat, which produces laziness and heaviness.

A few days or a few months after the birth of a foal, some Arabs slit one or both of the ears. This fancy is accounted for in various ways. According to one party this operation is performed on animals born in the night time, because they ought to have a better sight than those that come into the world during the day. According to others, it is done to foals born on Friday, the day of the gathering together of Mussulmans at the mosque, because it is a lucky sign. The truth is simply this: The master of a tent has a child of tender years, whom he loves very dearly. In slitting the ear of his foal he declares that he reserves him for his son so-and-so. Should the father afterwards die, no one would dispute

the possession of the animal with the child thus named. Others, however, slit the ear of a foal that has the colic; the bleeding saves him.

Soon after the birth of a foal they hang round his neck amulets, and talismans (richly ornamented in the case of wealthy people) and little shells called *\_oudaâ\_*. They are suspended by neckbands of wool or of camel's skin (*\_goulada\_*) which the women delight to make with their own hands, especially applying themselves to harmonise the colours tastefully. To bay or black horses they attach a white *\_goulada\_*, to those of a light colour red *\_gouladas\_*. These neckbands are useful as well as ornamental, for they serve to hold the animal by if need be, thus replacing our halters in a manner more agreeable to the eye and less irksome to the horse. As for the talismans (*\_heurouze-aâdjab\_*) they are simply little bags made of Morocco leather, more or less ornamented, and containing words extracted from the sacred writings, by means of which they hope to preserve the animal from wounds, from sickness, and from the evil eye.

Occasionally in war time the foal is killed immediately after its birth, in order that the dam may be the sooner fit for service; but never do they slay a filly. Such a one is weaned and left in the tent to shelter it from the sun, and the women frequently succeed in saving its life by giving it ewe's or camel's milk. If a filly be born on the road during a journey or march undertaken for a commercial or a warlike object, in order to save it every possible fatigue it is placed upon a camel, where a soft nest is constructed for it; but it will only be allowed to approach its dam during a halt or in the night time.

During the Taguedempt expedition in 1841 I saw a cavalier of Makhzen, who had no means of transport, carry before him on his saddle for the first four days after its birth a filly which his mare had given him at the bivouac. At the end of that period it followed its dam, throughout the campaign.

When the colts are not destroyed they are usually sold in the Tell, at the season of buying grain, whereas the fillies are preserved as a source of riches through their offspring.

The greater the value attached to the mare, the earlier is the time for weaning, but it generally takes place in the sixth or seventh month. In weaning the foal they remove it from its dam, first of all for one day, then for two, and so on, gradually increasing the period of separation. To render the transition less abrupt, they give it camel's milk sweetened with date honey, and to keep it from wandering in search of its mother they tether it by its fore or hind-legs with woollen cords but in either case above the knees or the hocks; whence proceed the whitish marks that are often observable. If at that age the animal were fastened by the pasterns considerable injury might be done. The foal never remaining still and puzzled by its novel situation, the processes

called by the Arabs \_louzze\_, or almonds, would speedily be formed. Redoubled attention is paid to the foal while being weaned, for if it succeeded in getting loose and approached its dam it would be liable to fall ill through sucking a corrupt and sour milk.

In the day time while the mare is on the march or in the pasture, a sort of halter (\_kuemama\_) is put on the foal, the noseband of which is furnished with short porcupine's quills. The dam then refuses of herself to let the foal touch her. As soon as it is fairly weaned, it is necessary in order to prevent the accumulation of milk to draw it off from the mare from time to time, and somewhat to lower her diet. After being weaned, the foal is fed on ground barley in regularly increasing quantities, taking care, however, not to cause satiety. They use a wooden measure called \_feutra\_. This measure contains three double handfuls, and is common to all the tribes of the desert, because its origin dates from a religious tradition. At the \_aïd-es-seghrir\_, that is, at the little festival which follows the Ramadan, the Prophet recommends every Mussulman who is tolerably well off to give to the poor a \_feutra\_ of food, wheat, barley, dates, rice, etc., according to the productions of the country in which he may be residing.

As soon as the foal is weaned, the women take possession of it, saying: "It belongs to us now; it is an orphan, but we will make its life as pleasant as possible."

#### REMARKS BY THE EMIR ABD-EL-KADER.

The foal follows the sire. The best stock is that which proceeds from a sire and a dam of pure extraction. The produce of a foreign mare by an Arab horse is less valued, and much less that of a blood mare by a common horse. Lastly, a colt whose sire and dam are both of foreign race has no good quality whatsoever.

The Arabs affirm that an entire horse has more vigour and speed than a mare. As a rule stallions are scarce in the Sahara. They are seldom to be met with except with the chiefs or with men of wealth, who can afford to have them properly tended and looked after, as it would be dangerous to turn them loose on to the grazing grounds. On the contrary, the mare requires very little attention, and is therefore chiefly ridden by the Saharenes.

Immediately after the foal is born it is made to swallow two or three eggs. Then, while the foal is still on the ground they rub the sole and crust of the hoof with salt dissolved in a preparation of \_bouna-faâ\_, [34] which renders the horn hard and tough. After that, the foal gets up, gropes about, and seeks its dam. Twelve hours later it will follow her to the pasture. As soon as the foal is born the master of the tent hastens to arrange his ears, the forelock, the mane, and the

neck, carefully collecting the hairs together from the root upwards. If the weather is cold, both the dam and the foal are kept in the tent. Seven days afterwards the mare is made to swallow a pound or a pound and a half of rancid butter not salted.

The nobler the mare, the sooner is the foal weaned, and in any case it is never permitted to suck longer than six months. In certain countries the Arabs are under the impression that a protracted suckling almost always produces a bad disposition and a hard mouth. Everywhere, where it is possible, and according to the season of the year, they give the foal camel's, or cow's, or ewe's milk, which is supposed to render the coat more soft and sleek.

"The best treasure of a man is a fruitful mare."

"Allah bade them multiply, and they have multiplied."

(from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of The Horses of the Sahara, by Eugene Daumas)

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## JEFFERSON'S UNIVERSITY.

"That the legislator should especially occupy himself with the education of youth, no one can dispute; for when this is not done in states, it is a cause of damage to the polity. For a state must be administered with reference to its polity; and that which is the peculiar characteristic of each polity is that which preserves and originally constitutes it; as, for instance, the democratical principle in a democracy, and the oligarchical in an oligarchy; and that which is the best principle always constitutes the best polity."--ARISTOTLE, *Politik.*, book viii.

The existence of the University of Virginia is scarcely recognised by British travellers. I was welcomed there as the first who had ever visited it. Charlottesville lies out of the ordinary route of tourists; but Monticello, the seat of Jefferson, is within sight of his favourite institution, and Mr. Madison's residence is only about thirty-five miles off; and it seems surprising that such a combination of interesting objects should not have drawn more pilgrim feet that way.

It was between five and six in the morning when we entered the stage at Orange Courthouse, which was to deposit us at Charlottesville before an early dinner. The snow had wholly disappeared, and I looked out eagerly to see what aspect the far-famed Virginia wore. For the greater part of the way all looked very desolate; the few dwellings were dingy; large mansions, with slave-dwellings clustered near. The trees were bare, the soil one dull red, the fences shabby. The eye found a welcome relief in the woods of stone-pine, and in an occasional apparition of the beautiful bluebird, perching upon a stump or flitting over the fallows. We breakfasted at a farm a little way off the road, whither we had to pick our way by a fieldpath, which was a perfect slough. The hostess was friendly, and served an excellent breakfast to the stage-passengers in a bedchamber.

From this point the road improved. The mountains were before us; and, as we approached them, the undulating surface of the country presented many beauties. It was Sunday. We mounted an eminence all grown over with stone-pine, and on the top we found, in the heart of the grove, a small church where worship was going on, while seventeen horses, two of them with sidesaddles, were fastened to the trees around. This church was free to all sects, but at present used by the Presbyterians, they being the most numerous sect in the neighbourhood.

We arrived at Charlottesville, at the foot of the mountains, by one o'clock, and joined the friends whom we found awaiting us at dinner at the hotel. A Unitarian clergyman was to preach in the courthouse in the



afternoon: a rare event, I imagine; for we heard afterward that one of the professor's ladies could not sleep the night before from the idea of a Unitarian being so near. We attended the service, which was very spiritless. The whole burden fell upon the minister, there being no preparation for singing, and apparently no interest beyond mere curiosity. Two long rows of students from the University were there, and I thought I never saw so fine a set of youths. Their demeanour was gentlemanly to the last degree, except in the one particular of spitting, and the seriousness of their manner must have been gratifying to the preacher.

After the service we walked to the University, at the distance, I think, of a little more than a mile from the town. The singular ranges of college buildings are visible from a considerable distance, as they advantageously crown an eminence, presenting the appearance of a piazza surrounding an oblong square, with the professors' houses rising at regular intervals. We found that the low buildings connecting these larger dwellings were the dormitories of the students; ground-floor apartments opening into the piazza, and designed to serve as places of study as well as sleep. The professors' houses are inconveniently small. Jefferson wished, in the first instance, that the professors should be young men; and this fact and the smallness of the dwellings have given rise to the ridiculous belief, entertained by some people, that Jefferson made celibacy a condition of holding professorships in his university. Instead of this, ladies' faces may be seen at many windows, and plenty of children tripping along in the piazzas. At one end of the quadrangle is the Rotunda, containing the lecture-rooms, library, and other apartments; and outside the other end a Gothic chapel was about to be erected. Well-kept grass-plats and gravel-walks fill up the quadrangle.

The number of students at the time of my visit was 206. They are not admitted under the age of sixteen, except in the case of a younger brother accompanying one above that age. Each dormitory is designed to accommodate two students; but, when there is room, any student may rent a whole one if he chooses. The ordinary expenses are so moderate as to be worth specifying:--

Board, including furniture, washing, and attendance	\$100
Fuel and candles	15
Rent of half a dormitory	8
Use of the library and public rooms	15
Fees to professors, say	75
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Total	\$213

exclusive of books and stationary, clothing and pocket-money. The students wear a uniform which is very becoming and not at all conspicuous, being merely a coat of particularly simple fashion and dark

colour.

Of the two hundred and six students whom I had the pleasure of seeing, one hundred and fifty-one belonged to the state, five came from the Northern States, and the rest from the South and West; six from South Carolina, though there are colleges both at Charleston and Columbia. Professor Patterson spoke of the youths among whom he was living as being as steady and promising a set of young men as could be met with. We heard afterward a somewhat different account in a stagecoach; but, of course, the testimony of a professor is worth much more than that of two chance travellers; and all that I saw of the appearance and manners of the students was very creditable to the institution. Every student visits each professor's house twice in the session, once to dinner and once to a ball; and, I suppose, as much oftener as he may be asked. The session lasts ten months, the vacation being in the hot months of July and August.

The distinctive principle of this University is that each student is free to attend the schools of his choice, and no others; provided that, being under twenty-one years of age, he shall attend at least three professors. The professors highly approve of this arrangement, finding that it enables young men to qualify themselves rapidly and effectually for particular callings, in cases where time is valuable; and that the youths put vigour into their pursuits, in proportion as they are free, within a reasonable limit, to gratify their tastes and fulfil their own purposes in the choice of their studies.

There are nine professorships, and in each school there are three regular lectures a week, besides the instructions suited to the several classes into which the school is divided. The professors when I was there were--

Professor Harrison, Ancient Languages and History. This gentleman must find himself fully occupied. He was the sole instructor that session of seventy-five young men in Latin and Greek, and, of such as desired it, in Hebrew. His qualifications are understood to be of a very high order.

Professor Bløettermann had sixty-four pupils in Modern Languages, viz., French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Anglo-Saxon; and was ready to teach, moreover, the Danish, Swedish, Dutch, and Portuguese languages.

Professor Bonnycastle (Mathematics) had a large attendance, consisting of one hundred and nine, divided into five classes, beginning with the theory of Arithmetic, and concluding the course of Pure Mathematics with the Integral Calculus. There is, moreover, a class of Mixed Mathematics for such of the more advanced students as choose to pursue it, and another of Civil Engineering.

Professor Patterson undertakes the Natural Philosophy, having an attendance of seventy-three pupils. The apparatus provided for the use of this school is very extensive and complete; and an observatory, with the necessary astronomical instruments, is open to the students.

Professor Emmet, Chymistry and Materia Medica, eighty-nine pupils.

Professor Magill, Medicine, forty-one pupils.

Professor Warner, Anatomy and Surgery, forty-four pupils. An extensive museum is attached to the Medical Department, and the anatomical school is regularly supplied with subjects, from which the lectures are delivered. The advantage claimed for this, above all other medical schools in the country, is that its session lasts ten months instead of four.

Professor Tucker, Moral Philosophy, sixty-seven pupils, who are divided into two classes; the examinations of the junior class being in Rhetoric, Belles Lettres, Logic, and Ethics, from the professor's lectures, Blair's and Campbell's Rhetoric, and Stewart's "Active and Moral Powers." The senior class studies Mental Philosophy and Political Economy; and the examinations are from the professor's lectures, Brown's Lectures, Say's and Adam Smith's Political Economy.

Professor Davis, Law, forty-eight pupils. The students of this school have instituted a Law Society, at whose meetings the professor presides, and where the business of every branch of the profession is rehearsed.

Three honorary distinctions are conferred in this University; a certificate of proficiency, conferred by the faculty on any proficient in a particular branch of study; that of graduate in any school, for proficiency in the general studies of any school; and the third, of Master of Arts of the University of Virginia, is obtained by graduation in the schools of Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chymistry, and Moral Philosophy. All these are obtained when deserved, and not in consequence of any prescribed term of study having been gone through. The title of Doctor of Medicine is conferred on the graduate in the Medical Department. The certificates and diplomas are delivered in the presence of all the members of the University and of the public on the last day of the session, in the Rotunda, amid many observances and rites.

It will be observed that there is no Theological Professorship. It was noticed by the religious North at the time of the foundation of the University, that this was probably the first instance in the world of such an establishment exhibiting this kind of deficiency, and the experiment was denounced as a very hazardous one. The result seems to have been, that while theological instruction has been obtainable elsewhere, a greater number and variety of young men, of different

religious persuasions, have been educated at this institution than would have been likely to resort to it if it had, by the choice of a theological professor, identified itself with any single denomination. The reasons for the omission of a Professorship of Divinity are stated in the first Report of the Commissioners who met in August, 1818, at Rockfish Gap, on the Blue Ridge, for the purpose of organizing the plans of this institution. Jefferson was understood to be the author of the report, which contains the following passage:

"In conformity with the principles of our constitution, which places all sects of religion on an equal footing; with the jealousy of the different sects, in guarding that equality from encroachment and surprise; and with the sentiments of the legislature, in favour of freedom of religion, manifested on former occasions, we have proposed no Professor of Divinity; and the rather, as the proofs of the being of a God, the Creator, Preserver, and Supreme Ruler of the universe, the Author of all the relations of morality, and of the laws and obligations these infer, will be within the province of the Professor of Ethics; to which, adding the developments of those moral obligations, of those in which all sects agree, with a knowledge of the languages of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, a basis will be formed common to all sects. Proceeding thus far without offence to the constitution, we have thought it proper at this point to leave every sect to provide, as they think fittest, the means of further instruction in their own peculiar tenets."

There are no daily public prayers at this institution, but there are regular services on Sundays, administered by clergymen of the four denominations, in turns of a year each. These clergymen officiate on the invitation of the professors, officers, and students. The attendance upon public worship is purely voluntary; and, as might be expected as a consequence, it is regular and complete.

This institution may well be called Jefferson's University. The first conception was his; the whole impulse and direction; the scheme of its studies, and the organization of its government. His letters to his intimate friends during the last five years of his life breathe a rational ardour about this enterprise which is very animating to those connected with the university, and which affords a fine stimulus to the students, who are daily reminded of what they owe to him, and what were his expectations from them. "I fear not to say," he writes, "that within twelve or fifteen years from this time (1825), a majority of the rulers of our state will have been educated here. They shall carry hence the correct principles of our day; and you may count assuredly that they will exhibit their country in a degree of sound respectability it has never known, either in our days or those of our forefathers. I cannot live to see it. My joy must only be that of anticipation." In his last letter to Madison, a few months later, he says, "And if I remove beyond the reach of attentions to the university, or beyond the bourne of life itself, as I soon must, it is a comfort to leave that institution under

your care, and an assurance that it will not be wanting."

The following passage in the same letter renders strangers curious to learn the politics of the university. "In the selection of our Law Professor, we must be rigorously attentive to his political principles. You will recollect that, before the Revolution, Coke-Littleton was the universal elementary book of law students; and a sounder whig never wrote, nor of profounder learning in the orthodox doctrines of the British constitution, or in what were called English liberties. You remember, also, that our lawyers were then all whigs. But when his black-letter text, and uncouth but cunning learning got out of fashion, and the honeyed Mansfieldism of Blackstone became the student's hornbook, from that moment that profession (the nursery of our Congress) began to slide into toryism, and nearly all the young brood of lawyers are now of that hue. They suppose themselves, indeed, to be whigs, because they no longer know what whigism or republicanism means. It is in our seminary that that vestal flame is to be kept alive; it is thence to spread anew over our own and the sister states." On inquiry I found that, out of the 206 students, seven held the principles of the democratic party. There seemed to be little or none of the federalism of the North, but a strong attachment to Calhoun on the part of the majority in the establishment. The evil influences of slavery have entered in to taint the work of the great champion of freedom. The political attachments of this once democratic institution are to the leader who, in order to uphold slavery, would, to judge him by himself, establish a Lacedæmonian government throughout the South; making every white man a soldier, in order to preserve a false idea of honour, and to obviate danger from the oppressed servile class. To observing eyes it appears plain that the hour is approaching when these young men must, like all other American men, choose their part, and enter decisively into struggle to maintain or overthrow the first principles of freedom. It will then be seen whether "the vestal flame" has been kept alive, or whether the name of him who cherished it has been honoured with mere lip-worship, while the labours of his latter years have been despised and undone. The eyes of the world will be fixed on Jefferson's University during the impending conflict between slaveholders and freemen.

To return to our Sunday afternoon. It was known that we should soon arrive at the University with our letters of introduction, and a truly hospitable welcome was prepared for us. We called first at Professor Patterson's, where we found ourselves, in half an hour, as much at home as if we had been acquainted for months. We were obliged to decline taking up our abode there at once, but promised to return the next morning, and remain for as long a time as we could spare. Professor Tucker, long known in England, and at present more extensively so through his very acceptable Life of Jefferson, was recovering from an illness which confined him to his room, and sent to ask me to visit him there. I was glad that he was well enough to see me, and that I had thus

the benefit of a good deal of his lively, sensible, and earnest conversation.

A great disappointment awaited our rising on the Monday morning. On the Sunday afternoon the sun had been so hot that we threw off our shawls. The next morning we looked out upon a snowstorm. There was, from the beginning, no hope of our getting to Monticello. Jefferson's house upon the mountain was actually in sight, and there was no possibility of our reaching it, and we were obliged to satisfy ourselves with the traces we found of him about the University. Professor Patterson's carriage came for us early, and we passed a morning of the liveliest gossip with the ladies and children of the family, while the professors were engaged in their duties. The frankness of the whole society was particularly winning, and so was the cordiality among themselves; a degree of mutual good understanding which is seldom found in the small society of a college, village-like in its seclusion and leisure, with added temptations to jealousy and censoriousness. The ladies of Professor Patterson's family gave me a spirited and amiable description of their arrival as strangers at the University, and of the zeal and kind consideration with which they were welcomed and aided on every hand. Two facts struck me in the course of our feminine talk on the subject of housekeeping; that chickens are there to be had for a dollar a dozen, plump fowls ready for the fire; and that Mrs. Patterson's coachman, a slave, could read. These ladies, seeing apparently only domestic slaves kindly treated like their own, spoke lightly on the great subject, asking me if I did not think the slaves were happy; but their husbands used a very different tone, observing, with gloom, that it was a dark question every way.

Four of the professors and two or three students, fine, well-mannered young men, joined us at dinner, and many ladies and others of the professors in the evening. I was amused and gratified by the interest shown in the living authors of England, especially the ladies. Every particular that I could tell about Mrs. Somerville and Mrs. Marcet was eagerly listened to. The Herschel family, Mr. Malthus, and many more, were fully and affectionately discussed. The great treat of the evening to me was a long conversation with Professor Hamilton on the German language and literature, and on the mutual criticism of the Germans and the English. He offered a comparison of the genius of the Greek and German languages, which, for want of sufficient learning, I do not pretend to appreciate, but which impressed me strongly with admiration of his powers of conversation.

One of the ladies took an opportunity of asking me privately to request leave to attend a lecture with the Natural Philosophy class in the morning. Ladies are excluded by rule; but she thought that the rule might for once be infringed without injury in the case of foreign ladies. The professor kindly made no difficulty, and my prompter highly enjoyed her single opportunity.

We breakfasted before eight, and went immediately to survey the large building, the Rotunda. First we saw the library, a well-chosen collection of books, the list of which was made out by Jefferson. The students read in the Rotunda, and take out books by order. In the gallery above the books, the mineralogical collection, belonging to Professor Patterson, is arranged, and open to observation. Higher up still is a whispering gallery. The lecture to which we were admitted was on Heat. It was clear, fluent, and entertaining. The young men appeared to be good listeners; some wrote down almost all they heard, and many asked questions of the professor at the conclusion of the lecture.

Mr. Tucker begged us to go to his chamber to luncheon, as he was still unable to venture out of it. We had a delightful hour there. The sick gentleman's room was crowded with guests, all busy with question and remark, our time being short, and the quantity we had to say, like old friends in a brief meeting, being inexhaustible. A serious request was made to us that we would stay a month, giving up a portion of our southern journey in exchange for the good offices of the University. We could not possibly do this; but there can be no doubt of what our enjoyment would have been during a whole month of intimate intercourse with such stirring people as this graceful, kindly little society is composed of. Having said all that so many tongues could, in an hour's time, about the Theory of Rent, Colonel Thompson, and Mr. Malthus; the value of public censure and eulogy; Mrs. Somerville again, Philadelphia ale, American politics, and a hundred other things, we were obliged to go. Keepsakes of the ladies' work were put into our hands, and packets of sandwiches into the carriage; and a party escorted us to our inn, bad as the weather was. Letters of introduction were hastily prepared and sent after us, and during our whole visit nothing was omitted which could concern our comfort or enhance our pleasure. As I cast my last look from the window of the stage towards the University, it was with less regret than pleasurable astonishment at my own experience of the speed with which it is possible for foreign minds to communicate, and lasting regard to be established.

(from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of Retrospect of Western Travel, Volume I (of 2), by Harriet Martineau)

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## LOST RHEIMS

BY LOUISE EUGÉNIE PRICKITT

"Rheims, which has been on fire for a week, is now nothing but a great pile of smoking ruins," I read in the paper of the man who sat next to me in the subway. With a sick heart I read on: "There are no traces of streets and thoroughfares, which have disappeared from view under the accumulation of debris. Ancient buildings in the Place Royal and the market-place and the Musicians' House, which dates from the sixteenth century, have been reduced to dust and ashes." With a doubly sad heart I read it, for to me it is more than an old French city that lies in ruins, since with it goes the picturesque and historic background of my early youth. It is the tragic passing of my city of dreams, for there I dreamed away eight happy years of girlhood.

It is an enviable thing to live in an ancient city like Rheims till its history becomes a part of the texture of one's mind, till the background of that history, hangs like a series of distinct pictures in one's thought, not to be effaced by anything that shall come afterward. The streets of Rheims as they then stood are photographed clearly on the retina of my mind's eye, and, dominating all, as it did at my first sight of it, is the majestic shape of the cathedral. I enter again, in imagination, those beautiful portals, and feel myself a tiny figure, and young in the midst of hoary antiquity. The organ music surges through the building, the choir-boys' voices soar above it. I see again the slanting fall of colored light across the wide gray floors, the soft blue smoke of the rising incense, the towering pillars, the vaulted roof, the dim vistas ending in the splendor of painted windows. Years and years of patient labor it took to rear this marvel. It represented the ideality of an age; it was, in fact, that ideality incarnate, left standing for all posterity to see and take inspiration from.

It was at sunset one December day that I first entered Rheims. It was to be my home for the next eight years, for my father had been appointed by the American Government to be consul there. How eagerly, I remember, we looked out of the train window as we approached the city. Long before the town itself became distinct to our eyes, we could plainly see the cathedral, a superb silhouette, imposing and not to be forgotten. It was like one's first view of the ocean or the mountains or the desert.

That night we slept opposite the cathedral in the eighteenth-century Hôtel Lion d'Or. I recollect the thrill of excitement my sister and I felt as the big bus rattled into the courtyard of that quaint hostelry and agile valets in yellow-and-black striped waistcoats ran to open the door for us. We felt that we were at last to live a storybook life of



adventure and romance.

The deep-toned bells of the cathedral awakened us at dawn, and in the pale light we rushed to the windows to look out on the sculptured façade of the wonderful building in order that we might feel again the strange charm that had so wrought upon us at our first sight of it. In the open square before us a valiant figure caught our attention, a figure of bronze that sat upon a spirited charger and held aloft a spear--Jeanne d'Arc, before the cathedral that had witnessed her brief hour of glory. The story we knew well, but shape and color it had never had before. The centuries before ours had been hardly more to us than Arabian Nights' tales, yet here was the visible evidence of the mighty procession of people who had existed before our day. We could not take the shortest walk in the city without being reminded of the dim perspective of history stretching far back of our youth, for here it was written in tangible and enduring stone.

At the rear of the Hôtel Lion d'Or we could see the old hotel of the sign of the Maison Rouge, where the father and mother of Jeanne d'Arc were housed at the time of the crowning of the dauphin. We could walk over the cobblestone of the narrow rue de Tambour, which was once, so history says, one of the largest and most frequented of the streets of Rheims. We could look up at the Maison des Musiciens, so old a building that no one knows for what it was originally built. On its quaint façade how often we curiously examined the broken figures of the sculptured musicians, for this was the street down which the royal processions passed on their way to the coronation at the cathedral. The soldiers in the vanguard had struck and broken the statues with their spears to make way for the banners and pennants of the brilliant cavalcade. How full of color and splendor the street must have appeared then! But that was all past, and the musicians, in our time, looked down only upon market-women trundling their wares through to the market-place beyond. The old building, nevertheless, still served to re-create, in the fancy of two wondering girls, those stately yesterdays.

In the rue Carnot how often we paused to glance up at a curious archway supporting two round towers! Old, very old it looked. And no wonder! for it dated from the Middle Ages. Under the arch we could catch a glimpse of the walls of the cathedral, gray as frost, and the prison, with beggars sitting in its grim shadow.

How the past centuries peered out at us from every corner, showing in quaint portals such as the one on the school of the Petit Lycée, with its bas-reliefs of a laughing child on one side and a crying one on the other, known to the "\_bons enfants\_" since the beginning of the school as "\_Jean qui rit\_" and "\_Jean qui pleure\_" Or that of the old house of the La Salle family, in the rue de l'Arbalète, with its life-size figures of Adam and Eve to guard the entrance.

When we walked down the rue Cérès we passed the house where Louis XIV's famous minister, Colbert, was born, and often pictured him coming out of the wide doorway, the courtly, velvet-clad figure that the portrait of him in the art museum had made familiar to our minds: for many a trip we made to the Hôtel des Ville to see the paintings and the wonderful illuminated books in the library and the beautiful old building itself. We would often stop, I remember, to read the list of marriages posted in the vestibule, the Maries, the Yvonnees, and the Marguerites, the Jeans, the Marcells, and Pierres who were to "live happily ever afterward," or so we confidently believed. Several years later the elder sister came with her lover to read shyly her own, for the old and dignified Salle des Mariages was to be the background of her romance, too.

We had read Dumas, and Anne of Austria, as every one knows, figures largely in his tales. But that she was more real than d'Artagnan we had hardly conceived, until one day we stood before the seventeenth century house in the rue de l'Université which once had the honor of sheltering her. It belonged to Jean Mailefer, and he has left an account of the visit in quaintly spelled old French which we were fortunate enough to have a chance to read. He was very proud of the magnificence of his dwelling, and spread its luxury before us as a peacock might spread his gorgeous tail for humbler birds to admire. It was fit for a queen he felt, and lo! she was coming. He describes exultantly the sound of the trumpets that signalized the consequential arrival of royalty.

"\_Tatera, tatera, tatera! Que d'honneurs qui vont tomber sur mes foibles espaulles!\_" ["What honors to fall upon my poor shoulders!"] The pride of the seventeenth century--how laughably like it is to that of the twentieth. The queen as she entered, jestingly said, "The house is my own!" "Yes, \_grande Princess\_, you are right," responded its owner, quickly. At the same time the Marshal Duplessis asked of him, "Monsieur, are you the master of this house?" "Monsieur," replied the gallant gentleman of Rheims, bowing with a grand air, I make no doubt, "Monsieur, I was but a moment ago; but when the sun appears, the stars are eclipsed."

In the rue de la Grue we searched out the house where was born Tronson du Coudray, an eloquent lawyer of the Paris Parliament and the courageous defender of Marie Antoinette. With all our young enthusiasm we loved him as the champion of the ill-fated queen. The Porte de Paris, the great iron gateway in Rheims, the guidebooks told us was a triumph of the smith's art, but it held our imaginations in thrall because it had been built in honor of the crowning of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Somewhere we had found an account of the coronation, and read how joyously they had entered the city, and how in the cathedral, in the midst of the acclamations and applause, so loud and prolonged that they covered the sound of the bells and the noise of the cannon, the "\_gracieuse Marie Antoinette\_" had fainted and thus "\_elle

a perdu quelques instants du plus beau jour de sa vie\_ " ["she had lost some moments of the most beautiful day of her life"]. We loved to imagine her against the background of that rich interior of the cathedral, the light through its glowing windows touching with iridescence the tall gray pillars; the royal pennants and draperies, bright tones against the sombre hues of the marvelous tapestries; gold flashing here and there from tall candlesticks and brilliant uniforms; wonderful gems catching fire from the great arched windows that seemed, in the brightness of the sun, to be themselves made of rival jewels. A splendid setting for "the most beautiful day of her life." "The height, the space, the gloom, the glory," how they typified that life!

The Porte de Paris, too, was eloquent of the fierce days of the Revolution. The people of Rheims tell how the mob one day came surging toward it, when the ringleaders proposed that they destroy the gilded crown upon its apex as the symbol of hated royalty. Then the mayor, a man of tactful resource, called to the most furious of the band and asked if he had a ten-sou piece at his service. The man readily passed it to him, whereupon the mayor at once gave it to a beggar standing near. "Take it," said he; "Monsieur will have nothing with a crown upon it." Every one laughed, and the crown on the gate was saved.

Under the wide arch of the Porte de Paris victorious Napoleon entered after the Prussian occupation of the city in 1814. It was already nightfall when the fierce battle was fought, and not until eleven o'clock was Napoleon able to enter the city. What an ovation he received from the rejoicing citizens--the Remois! It thrilled us to read it. All at once the great bells of the cathedral thundered forth a welcome, while at the same time every window in the town was lighted and a great cry of "\_Vive l'Empereur!\_" rang from end to end of the city. The house in the rue de Vesle, where he slept that night, is an old acquaintance.

If the Porte de Paris seemed old to us and eloquent of the past, what was to be said of the gray old arch known as the Porte de Mars, that dated before Christ and "spoke aloud for future times to hear" of the triumphs of great Cæsar and of the Gallo-Roman days? and what of the market-place which was once, we were told, the Roman forum? Even in our time, though all traces of the forum were gone, the market-place was an ancient-looking square, edged as it was with quaint old buildings, among them, notably, an elaborately carved wooden house, one of the most curious specimens of fifteenth century art.

Near by was the old church of St. Jacques. Often we used to steal in to rest awhile in its rainbow-colored twilight. Not as imposing as the cathedral, but very lovely nevertheless, it was one of the relics of the twelfth century. The cathedral, St. Jacques, and the old abbey church of St. Remi--they have formed for us the beautiful and impressive backgrounds of many a wedding and funeral and quaint

religious service.

Many a time we have threaded the queer old streets of Rheims with their queer old names--the rue de la Clef [Street of the Key], the rue des Deux Anges [Street of the Two Angels], the rue des Trois Raisinets [Street of the Three Little Grapes]. \_The Maison des Quatres Chats Gringnants\_ [House of the Four Grinning Cats], the \_Auberge du Lapin Gras\_ [Tavern of the Fat Rabbit], curious old buildings of the Middle Ages--we passed them by in our youth, but we shall carry the memory of them into our old age. How tranquil the city used to seem to us then! Too quiet, sometimes; a drowsy old town, we said, sitting like venerable age sleeping in the sun. How little we dreamed what a cruel awakening was in store for it; that horror and terror were to stalk through all those peaceful streets and leave their dreadful scars behind!

(from: Project Gutenberg's Travel Stories Retold from St. Nicholas, by Various)

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## WALKING INTO KANSAS

It has been raining quite a little. The roads are so muddy I have to walk the ties. Keeping company with the railroad is almost a habit. While this shower passes I write in the station at Stillwell, Kansas.

JUNE 14, 1912. I have crossed the mystic border. I have left Earth. I have entered Wonderland. Though I am still east of the geographical centre of the United States, in every spiritual sense I am in the West. This morning I passed the stone mile-post that marks the beginning of Kansas.

I went over the border and encountered--what do you think? Wild strawberries! Lo, where the farmer had cut the weeds between the road and the fence, the gentle fruits revealed themselves, growing in the shadow down between the still-standing weeds. They shine out in a red line that stretches on and on, and a man has to resolve to stop eating several times. Just as he thinks he has conquered desire the line gets dazzlingly red again.

The berries grow at the end of a slender stalk, clustered six in a bunch. One gathers them by the stems, in bouquets, as it were, and eats off the fruit like taffy off a stick.

I was gathering buckets of cherries for a farmer's wife yesterday. This morning after the strawberries had mitigated I encountered a bush of raspberries, and then hedges on hedges of mulberries both white and red. The white mulberries are the sweetest. If this is the wild West, give me more. There are many varieties of trees, and they are thick as in the East. The people seem to grow more cordial. I was eating mulberries outside the yard of a villager. He asked me in where the eating was better. And then he told me the town scandal, while I had my dessert.

A day or so ago I hoed corn all morning for my dinner. This I did cheerfully, considering I had been given a good breakfast at that farm for nothing. I feel that two good meals are worth about a morning's work anyway. And then I had company. The elderly owner of the place hoed along with me. He saved the country, by preaching to me the old fashioned high tariff gospel, and I saved it by preaching to him the new fashioned Gospel of Beauty. Meanwhile the corn was hoed. Then we went in and ate the grandest of dinners. That house was notable for having on its walls really artistic pictures, not merely respectable pictures, nor yet seed-catalogue advertisements.

That night, in passing through a village, I glimpsed a man washing his

dishes in the rear of a blacksmith shop. I said to myself: "Ah ha! Somebody keeping bach."

I knew I was welcome. There is no fear of the stranger in such a place, for there are no ladies to reassure or propitiate. Permission to sleep on the floor was granted as soon as asked. I spread out \_The Kansas City Star\_, which is a clean sheet, put my verses under my head for a pillow and was content. Next morning the sun was in my eyes. There was the odor of good fried bacon in the air.

"Git up and eat a snack, pardner," said my friend the blacksmith. And while I ate he told me the story of his life.

I had an amusing experience at the town of Belton. I had given an entertainment at the hotel on the promise of a night's lodging. I slept late. Over my transom came the breakfast-table talk. "That was a hot entertainment that young bum gave us last night," said one man. "He ought to get to work, the dirty lazy loafer," said another.

The schoolmaster spoke up in an effort not to condescend to his audience: "He is evidently a fraud. I talked to him a long time after the entertainment. The pieces he recited were certainly not his own. I have read some of them somewhere. It is too easy a way to get along, especially when the man is as able to work as this one. Of course in the old days literary men used to be obliged to do such things. But it isn't at all necessary in the Twentieth Century. Real poets are highly paid." Another spoke up: "I don't mind a fake, but he is a rotten reciter, anyhow. If he had said one more I would have just walked right out. You noticed ol' Mis' Smith went home after that piece about the worms." Then came the landlord's voice: "After the show was over I came pretty near not letting him have his room. All I've got to say is he don't get any breakfast."

I dressed, opened the doorway serenely, and strolled past the table, smiling with all the ease of a minister at his own church-social. In my most ornate manner I thanked the landlord and landlady for their extreme kindness. I assumed that not one of the gentle-folk had intended to have me hear their analysis. 'Twas a grand exit. Yet, in plain language, these people "got my goat." I have struggled with myself all morning, almost on the point of ordering a marked copy of a magazine sent to that smart schoolmaster. "\_Evidently a fraud!\_" Indeed!

"Goin' wes' harvesin'?"

"Yes, yes. I think I will harvest when I get to Great Bend."

JUNE 18, 1912. Approaching Emporia. I am sitting in the hot sun by the

Santa Fé tracks, after two days of walking those tracks in the rain. I am near a queer little Mexican house built of old railroad ties.

I had had two sticks of candy begged from a grocer for breakfast. I was keeping warm by walking fast. Because of the muddy roads and the sheets of rain coming down it was impossible to leave the tracks. It was almost impossible to make speed since the ballast underfoot was almost all of it big rattling broken stone. I had walked that Santa Fé railroad a day and a half in the drizzle and downpour. It was a little past noon, and my scanty inner fuel was almost used up. I dared not stop a minute now, lest I catch cold. There was no station in sight ahead. When the mists lifted I saw that the tracks went on and on, straight west to the crack of doom, not even a water-tank in sight. The mists came down, then lifted once more, and, as though I were Childe Roland, I suddenly saw a shack to the right, in dimensions about seven feet each way. It was mostly stove-pipe, and that pipe was pouring out enough smoke to make three of Aladdin's Jinns. I presume some one heard me whistling. The little door opened. Two period heads popped out, "Come in, you slab-sided hobo," they yelled affectionately. "Come in and get dry." And so my heart was made suddenly light after a day and a half of hard whistling.

At the inside end of that busy smoke-stack was a roaring redhot stove about as big as a hat. It had just room enough on top for three steaming coffee cans at a time. There were four white men with their chins on their knees completely occupying the floor of one side of the mansion, and four Mexicans filled the other. Every man was hunched up to take as little room as possible. It appeared that my only chance was to move the tins and sit on the stove. But one Mexican sort of sat on another Mexican and the new white man was accommodated. These fellows were a double-section gang, for the track is double all along here.

I dried out pretty quick. The men began to pass up the coffee off the stove. It strangled and blistered me, it was so hot. The men were almost to the bottom of the food sections of their buckets and were beginning to throw perfectly good sandwiches and extra pieces of pie through the door. I said that if any man had anything to throw away would he just wait till I stepped outside so I could catch it. They handed me all I could ever imagine a man eating. It rained and rained and rained, and I ate till I could eat no more. One man gave me for dessert the last half of his cup of stewed raisins along with his own spoon. Good raisins they were, too. A Mexican urged upon me some brown paper and cigarette tobacco. I was sorry I did not smoke. The men passed up more and more hot coffee.

That coffee made me into a sort of thermos bottle. On the strength of it I walked all afternoon through sheets and cataracts. When dark came I slept in wet clothes in a damp blanket in the hay of a windy livery

stable without catching cold.

Now it is morning. The sky is reasonably clear, the weather is reasonably warm, but I am no longer a thermos bottle, no, no. I am sitting on the hottest rock I can find, letting the sun go through my bones. The coffee in me has turned at last to ice and snow. Emporia, the Athens of America, is just ahead. Oh, for a hot bath and a clean shirt!

A mad dog tried to bite me yesterday morning, when I made a feeble attempt to leave the track. When I was once back on the ties, he seemed afraid and would not come closer. His bark was the ghastliest thing I ever heard. As for his bite, he did not get quite through my shoe-heel.

EMPORIA, KANSAS, JUNE 19, 1912. On inquiring at the Emporia General Delivery for mail, I found your letter telling me to call upon your friend Professor Kerr. He took my sudden appearance most kindly, and pardoned my battered attire and the mud to the knees. After a day in his house I am ready to go on, dry and feasted and warm and clean. The professor's help seemed to come in just in time. I was a most weary creature.

Thinking it over this morning, the bathtub appears to be the first outstanding advantage the cultured man has over the half-civilized. Quite often the folk with swept houses and decent cooking who have given my poems discriminating attention, who have given me good things to eat, forget, even when they entertain him overnight, that the stranger would like to soak himself thoroughly. Many of the working people seem to keep fairly clean with the washpan as their principal ally. But the tub is indispensable to the mendicant in the end, unless he is walking through a land of crystal waterfalls, like North Georgia.

I am an artificial creature at last, dependent, after all, upon modern plumbing. 'Tis, perhaps, not a dignified theme, but I retired to the professor's bathroom and washed off the entire State of Missouri and the eastern counties of Kansas, and did a deal of laundry work on the sly. This last was not openly confessed to the professor, but he might have guessed, I was so cold on the front porch that night.

I shall not soon lose the memory of this the first day of emergence from the strait paths of St. Francis, this first meeting, since I left Springfield, with a person on whom I had a conventional social claim. I had forgotten what the delicacy of a cultured welcome would be like. The professor's table was a marvel to me. I was astonished to discover there were such fine distinctions in food and linen. And for all my troubadour profession, I had almost forgotten there were such



distinctions in books. I have hardly seen one magazine since I left you. The world where I have been moving reads nothing but newspapers. It is confusing to bob from one world to the other, to zig-zag across the social dead-line. I sat in the professor's library a very mixed-up person, feeling I could hardly stay a minute, yet too heavy-footed to stir an inch, and immensely grateful and relaxed.

Sooner or later I am going to step up into the rarefied civilized air once too often and stay there in spite of myself. I shall get a little too fond of the china and old silver, and forget the fields. Books and teacups and high-brow conversations are awfully insinuating things, if you give them time to be. One gets along somehow, and pleasure alternates with pain, and the sum is the joy of life, while one is below. But to quit is like coming up to earth after deep-sea diving in a heavy suit. One scarcely realizes he has been under heavier-than-air pressure, and has been fighting off great forces, till he has taken off his diving helmet, as it were. And yet there is a baffling sense of futility in the restful upper air. I remember it once, long ago, in emerging in Warren, Ohio, and once in emerging in Macon, Georgia:--the feeling that the upper world is all tissue paper, that the only choice a real man can make is to stay below with the great forces of life forever, even though he be a tramp--the feeling that, to be a little civilized, we sacrifice enormous powers and joys. For all I was so tired and so very grateful to the professor, I felt like a bull in a china shop. I should have been out in the fields, eating grass.

## THE KALLYOPE YELL

[\_Loudly and rapidly with a leader, College yell fashion\_]

I

Proud men  
Eternally  
Go about,  
Slander me,  
Call me the "Calliope."  
Sizz.....  
Fizz.....

II

I am the Gutter Dream,  
Tune-maker, born of steam,  
Tooting joy, tooting hope.  
I am the Kallyope,  
Car called the Kallyope.  
Willy willy willy wah HOO!

See the flags: snow-white tent,  
See the bear and elephant,  
See the monkey jump the rope,  
Listen to the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!  
Soul of the rhinoceros  
And the hippopotamus  
(Listen to the lion roar!)  
Jaguar, cockatoot,  
Loons, owls,  
Hoot, Hoot.  
Listen to the lion roar,  
Listen to the lion roar,  
Listen to the lion R-O-A-R!  
Hear the leopard cry for gore,  
Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
Hail the bloody Indian band,  
Hail, all hail the popcorn stand,  
Hail to Barnum's picture there,  
People's idol everywhere,  
Whoop, whoop, whoop, WHOOP!  
Music of the mob am I,  
Circus day's tremendous cry:--  
I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!  
Hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot,  
Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
Sizz, fizz.....

### III

Born of mobs, born of steam,  
Listen to my golden dream,  
Listen to my golden dream,  
Listen to my G-O-L-D-E-N D-R-E-A-M!  
Whoop whoop whoop whoop WHOOP!  
I will blow the proud folk low,  
Humanize the dour and slow,  
I will shake the proud folk down,  
(Listen to the lion roar!)  
Popcorn crowds shall rule the town--  
Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
Steam shall work melodiously,  
Brotherhood increase.  
You'll see the world and all it holds  
For fifty cents apiece.  
Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
Every day a circus day.

\_What?\_

Well, \_almost\_ every day.  
Nevermore the sweater's den,  
Nevermore the prison pen.  
Gone the war on land and sea  
That aforetime troubled men.  
Nations all in amity,  
Happy in their plumes arrayed  
In the long bright street parade.  
Bands a-playing every day.

\_What?\_

Well, \_almost\_ every day.  
I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!  
Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
Hoot, toot, hoot, toot,  
Whoop whoop whoop whoop,  
Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
Sizz, fizz.....

#### IV

Every soul  
Resident  
In the earth's one circus tent!  
Every man a trapeze king  
Then a pleased spectator there.  
On the benches! In the ring!  
While the neighbors gawk and stare  
And the cheering rolls along.  
Almost every day a race  
When the merry starting gong  
Rings, each chariot on the line,  
Every driver fit and fine  
With the steel-spring Roman grace.  
Almost every day a dream,  
Almost every day a dream.  
Every girl,  
Maid or wife,  
Wild with music,  
Eyes a-gleam  
With that marvel called desire:  
Actress, princess, fit for life,  
Armed with honor like a knife,  
Jumping thro' the hoops of fire.  
(Listen to the lion roar!)  
Making all the children shout  
Clowns shall tumble all about,  
Painted high and full of song

While the cheering rolls along,  
Tho' they scream,  
Tho' they rage,  
Every beast  
In his cage,  
Every beast  
In his den  
That aforetime troubled men.

## V

I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope,  
Tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope;  
Shaking window-pane and door  
With a crashing cosmic tune,  
With the war-cry of the spheres,  
Rhythm of the roar of noon,  
Rhythm of Niagara's roar,  
Voicing planet, star and moon,  
SHRIEKING of the better years.  
Prophet-singers will arise,  
Prophets coming after me,  
Sing my song in softer guise  
With more delicate surprise;  
I am but the pioneer  
Voice of the Democracy;  
I am the gutter dream,  
I am the golden dream,  
Singing science, singing steam.  
I will blow the proud folk down,  
(Listen to the lion roar!)  
I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope,  
Tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope,  
Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
Hoot, toot, hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot,  
Whoop whoop, whoop whoop,  
Whoop whoop, whoop whoop,  
Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
Sizz.....  
Fizz.....

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 23, 1912. I am writing on the top of a pile of creosote-soaked ties between the Santa Fé tracks and the trail that runs parallel to the tracks. Florence, Kansas, is somewhere ahead.

In the East the railroads and machinery choke the land to death and it was there I made my rule against them. But the farther West I go the more the very life of the country seems to depend upon them. I

suppose, though, that some day, even out West here, the rule against the railroad will be a good rule.

Meanwhile let me say that my Ruskinian prejudices are temporarily overcome by the picturesqueness and efficiency of the Santa Fé. It is double-tracked, and every four miles is kept in order by a hand-car crew that is spinning back and forth all the time. The air seems to be full of hand-cars.

Walking in a hurry to make a certain place by nightfall I have become acquainted with these section hands, and, most delightful to relate, have ridden in their iron conveyances, putting my own back into the work. Half or three-fourths of the employees are Mexicans who are as ornamental in the actual landscape as they are in a Remington drawing. These Mexicans are tractable serfs of the Santa Fé. If there were enough miles of railroad in Mexico to keep all the inhabitants busy on section, perhaps the internal difficulties could be ended. These peons live peacefully next to the tracks in houses built by the company from old ties. The ties are placed on end, side by side, with plaster in the cracks, on a tiny oblong two-room plan. There is a little roofed court between the rooms. A farmer told me that the company tried Greek serfs for a while, but they made trouble for outsiders and murdered each other.

The road is busy as busy can be. Almost any time one can see enormous freight-trains rolling by or mile-a-minute passenger trains. Gates are provided for each farmer's right of way. I was told by an exceptional Mexican with powers of speech that the efficient dragging of the wagon-roads, especially the "New Santa Fé Trail" that follows the railroad, is owing to the missionary work of King, the split-log drag man, who was employed to go up and down this land agitating his hobby.

When the weather is good, touring automobiles whiz past. They have pennants showing they are from Kansas City, Emporia, New York or Chicago. They have camping canvas and bedding on the back seats of the car, or strapped in the rear. They are on camping tours to Colorado Springs and the like pleasure places. Some few avow they are going to the coast. About five o'clock in the evening some man making a local trip is apt to come along alone. He it is that wants the other side of the machine weighed down. He it is that will offer me a ride and spin me along from five to twenty-five miles before supper. This delightful use that may be made of an automobile in rounding out a day's walk has had something to do with mending my prejudice against it, despite the grand airs of the tourists that whirl by at midday. I still maintain that the auto is a carnal institution, to be shunned by the truly spiritual, but there are times when I, for one, get tired of being spiritual.

Much of the country east of Emporia is hilly and well-wooded and

hedged like Missouri. But now I am getting into the range region. Yesterday, after several miles of treeless land that had never known the plough, I said to myself: "Now I am really West." And my impression was reinforced when I reached a grand baronial establishment called "Clover Hill Ranch." It was flanked by the houses of the retainers. In the foreground and a little to the side was the great stone barn for the mules and horses. Back on the little hill, properly introduced by ceremonious trees, was the ranch house itself. And before it was my lord on his ranching charger. The aforesaid lord created quite an atmosphere of lordliness as he refused work in the alfalfa harvest to a battered stranger who bowed too low and begged too hard, perhaps. On the porch was my lady, feeding bread and honey to the beautiful young prince of the place.

I have not yet reached the wheat belt. Since the alfalfa harvest is on here, I shall try for that a bit.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 30, 1912. In the spare room of a Mennonite farmer, who lives just inside the wheat belt.

This is going to be a long Sunday afternoon; so make up your minds for a long letter. I did not get work in the alfalfa. Yet there is news. I have been staying a week with this Mennonite family shocking wheat for them, though I am not anywhere near Great Bend.

Before I tell you of the harvest, I must tell you of these Mennonites. They are a dear people. I have heard from their reverent lips the name of their founder, Menno Simonis, who was born about the time of Columbus and Luther and other such worthies. They are as opposed to carnal literature as I am to tailor-made clothes, and I hold they are perfectly correct in allowing no fashion magazines in the house. Such modern books as they read deal with practical local philanthropies and great international mission movements, and their interdenominational feelings for all Christendom are strong. Yet they hold to their ancient verities, and antiquity broods over their meditations.

For instance I found in their bookcase an endless dialogue epic called The Wandering Soul, in which this soul, seeking mainly for information, engages in stilted conversation with Adam, Noah, and Simon Cleophas. Thereby the Wandering Soul is informed as to the orthodox history and chronology of the world from the Creation to the destruction of Jerusalem. The wood-cuts are devotional. They are worth walking to Kansas to see. The book had its third translation into Pennsylvania English in 1840, but several American editions had existed in German before that, and several German editions in Germany. It was originally written in the Dutch language and was popular among the Mennonites there. But it looks as if it was printed by Adam to last forever and scare bad boys.

Let us go to meeting. All the women are on their own side of the aisle. All of them have a fairly uniform Quakerish sort of dress of no prescribed color. In front are the most pious, who wear a black scoop-bonnet. Some have taken this off, and show the inevitable "prayer-covering" underneath. It is the plainest kind of a lace-cap, awfully coquettish on a pretty head. It is intended to mortify the flesh, and I suppose it is unbecoming to some women.

All the scoop-bonnets are not black. Toward the middle of the church, behold a cream-satin, a soft gray, a dull moon-gold. One young woman, moved, I fear, by the devil, turns and looks across the aisle at us. An exceedingly demure bow is tied all too sweetly under the chin, in a decorous butterfly style. Fie! fie! Is this mortifying the flesh? And I note with pain that the black bonnets grow fewer and fewer toward the rear of the meeting house.

Here come the children, with bobbing headgear of every color of the rainbow, yet the same scoop-pattern still. They have been taking little walks and runs between Sunday-school and church, and are all flushed and panting. But I would no more criticise the color of their headgear than the color in their faces. Some of them squeeze in among the black rows in front and make piety reasonable. But we noted by the door as they entered something that both the church and the world must abhor. Seated as near to the men's side as they can get, with a mixture of shame and defiance in their faces, are certain daughters of the Mennonites who insist on dressing after the fashions that come from Paris and Kansas City and Emporia. By the time the rumors of what is proper in millinery have reached this place they are a disconcerting mixture of cherries, feathers and ferns. And somehow there are too many mussy ribbons on the dresses.

We can only guess how these rebels must suffer under the concentrated silent prayers of the godly. Poor honest souls! they take to this world's vain baggage and overdo it. Why do they not make up their minds to serve the devil sideways, like that sly puss with the butterfly bow?

On the men's side of the house the division on dress is more acute. The Holiness movement, the doctrine of the Second Blessing that has stirred many rural Methodist groups, has attacked the Mennonites also. Those who dispute for this new ism of sanctification leave off their neckties as a sign. Those that retain their neckties, satisfied with what Menno Simonis taught, have a hard time remaining in a state of complete calm. The temptation to argue the matter is almost more than flesh can bear.

But, so far as I could discover, there was no silent prayer over the worst lapse of these people. What remains of my Franciscan soul was

hurt to discover that the buggy-shed of the meeting-house was full of automobiles. And to meet a Mennonite on the road without a necktie, his wife in the blackest of bonnets, honking along in one of those glittering brazen machines, almost shakes my confidence in the Old Jerusalem Gospel.

Yet let me not indulge in disrespect. Every spiritual warfare must abound in its little ironies. They are keeping their rule against finery as well as I am keeping mine against the railroad. And they have their own way of not being corrupted by money. Their ministry is unsalaried. Their preachers are sometimes helpers on the farms, sometimes taken care of outright, the same as I am.

As will later appear, despite some inconsistencies, the Mennonites have a piety as literal as any to be found on the earth. Since they are German there is no lack of thought in their system. I attended one of their quarterly conferences and I have never heard better discourses on the distinctions between the four gospels. The men who spoke were scholars.

The Mennonites make it a principle to ignore politics, and are non-resistants in war. I have read in the life of one of their heroes what a terrible time his people had in the Shenandoah valley in the days of Sheridan.... Three solemn tracts are here on my dresser. The first is against church organs, embodying a plea for simplicity and the spending of such money on local benevolences and world-wide missions. The tract aptly compares the church-organ to the Thibetan prayer-wheel, and later to praying by phonograph. A song is a prayer to them, and they sing hymns and nothing but hymns all week long.

The next tract is on non-conformity to this world, and insists our appearance should indicate our profession, and that fashions drive the poor away from the church. It condemns jewels and plaiting of the hair, etc., and says that such things stir up a wicked and worldly lust in the eyes of youth. This tract goes so far as to put worldly pictures under the ban. Then comes another, headed Bible Teaching on Dress. It goes on to show that every true Christian, especially that vain bird, the female, should wear something like the Mennonite uniform to indicate the line of separation from "the World." I have a good deal of sympathy for all this, for indeed is it not briefly comprehended in my own rule: "Carry no baggage"?

These people celebrate communion every half year, and at the same time they practise the ritual of washing the feet. Since Isadora Duncan has rediscovered the human foot æsthetically, who dares object to it in ritual? It is all a question of what we are trained to expect. Certainly these people are respecters of the human foot and not ashamed to show it. Next to the way their women have of making a dash to find their gauzy prayer-covering, which they put on for grace at



table and Bible-lesson before breakfast, their most striking habit is the way both men and women go about in very clean bare feet after supper. Next to this let me note their resolve to have no profane hour whatsoever. When not actually at work they sit and sing hymns, each Christian on his own hook as he has leisure.

My first evening among these dear strangers I was sitting alone by the front door, looking out on the wheat. I was thrilled to see the fairest member of the household enter, not without grace and dignity. Her prayer covering was on her head, her white feet were shining like those of Nicolette and her white hymn-book was in her hand. She ignored me entirely. She was rapt in trance. She sat by the window and sang through the book, looking straight at a rose in the wall-paper.

I lingered there, reading The Wandering Soul just as oblivious of her presence as she was of mine. Oh, no; there was no art in the selection of her songs! I remember one which was to this effect:

"Don't let it be said:  
'Too late, too late  
To enter that Golden Gate.'  
Be ready, for soon  
The time will come  
To enter that Golden Gate."

On the whole she had as much right to plunk down and sing hymns out of season as I have to burst in and quote poetry to peaceful and unprotected households.

I would like to insert a discourse here on the pleasure and the naturalness and the humanness of testifying to one's gospel whatever that gospel may be, barefooted or golden-slippered or iron-shod. The best we may win in return may be but a kindly smile. We may never make one convert. Still the duty of testifying remains, and is enjoined by the invisible powers and makes for the health of the soul. This Mennonite was a priestess of her view of the truth and comes of endless generations of such snow-footed apostles. I presume the sect ceased to enlarge when the Quakers ceased to thrive, but I make my guess that it does not crumble as fast as the Quakers, having more German stolidity.

Let me again go forward, testifying to my particular lonely gospel in the face of such pleasant smiles and incredulous questions as may come. I wish I could start a sturdy sect like old Menno Simonis did. They should dress as these have done, and be as stubborn and rigid in their discipline. They should farm as these have done, but on reaching the point where the Mennonite buys the automobile, that money and energy should go into the making of cross-roads palaces for the people, golden as the harvest field, and disciplined well-parked

villages, good as a psalm, and cities fair as a Mennonite lady in her prayer-covering, delicate and noble as Athens the unforgotten, the divine.

The Mennonite doctrine of non-participation in war or politics leads them to confine their periodic literature to religious journals exclusively, plus \_The Drover's Journal\_ to keep them up to date on the prices of farm-products. There is only one Mennonite political event, the coming of Christ to judge the earth. Of that no man knoweth the day or the hour. We had best be prepared and not play politics or baseball or anything. Just keep unspotted and harvest the wheat.

"Goin' wes' harvesin'?"

I have harvested, thank you. Four days and a half I have shocked wheat in these prayer-consecrated fields that I see even now from my window. And I have good hard dollars in my pocket, which same dollars are against my rules.

I will tell you of the harvest in the next letter.

## ON THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

\_On the road to nowhere  
What wild oats did you sow  
When you left your father's house  
With your cheeks aglow?  
Eyes so strained and eager  
To see what you might see?  
Were you thief or were you fool  
Or most nobly free?  
Were the tramp-days knightly,  
True sowing of wild seed?  
Did you dare to make the songs  
Vanquished workmen need?  
Did you waste much money  
To deck a leper's feast?  
Love the truth, defy the crowd,  
Scandalize the priest?  
On the road to nowhere  
What wild oats did you sow?  
Stupids find the nowhere-road  
Dusty, grim and slow.  
Ere their sowing's ended  
They turn them on their track:  
Look at the caitiff craven wights  
Repentant, hurrying back!\_

\_ Grown ashamed of nowhere,  
Of rags endured for years,  
Lust for velvet in their hearts,  
Pierced with Mammon's spears.  
All but a few fanatics  
Give up their darling goal,  
Seek to be as others are,  
Stultify the soul.  
Reapings now confront them,  
Glut them, or destroy,  
Curious seeds, grain or weeds,  
Sown with awful joy.  
Hurried is their harvest,  
They make soft peace with men.  
Pilgrims pass. They care not,  
Will not tramp again.  
O nowhere, golden nowhere!  
Sages and fools go on  
To your chaotic ocean,  
To your tremendous dawn.  
Far in your fair dream-haven,  
Is nothing or is all ...  
They press on, singing, sowing  
Wild deeds without recall!\_

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